SHAMEFUL SEASIDE SLAVERY SEE PAGE SIX

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LXII.
1625.

JOHN BULL

"Yes Sir!
1/-
puts paid
to Hair
Troubles!

BRYLCREEM
ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM GUM.
IT IMPARTS A SPLENDID GLOSS TO THE HAIR.
IF PRESS IN ANY DESIRED POSITION IT NEVER "FLAKES" THE HAIR.
The County Perfumery Co.
London and Paris
1/-

Obtainable in bottles and tubes and the new wide-neck bottles. From all Chemists and Hairdressers.

BRYLCREEM

THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Rd., West Twyford, London, N.W.10

wyb

This superb £4·4·0 CANTEEN of CUTLERY FOR YOUR HOME

A reduced illustration of this Canteen. Actual size 13½ in. long by 12½ in. wide by 2½ in. deep.

Further opportunity to secure "John Bull's" wonderful Presentation

"JOHN BULL" provides one further opportunity for its readers to secure its great Presentation of a MAGNIFICENT £4 : 4 : 0 SHEFFIELD - MADE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY. 47 Gleaming pieces—Spoons and Forks with a Guaranteed Deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING and Mirror Polish—Knives made of the famous Firth Steel, Guaranteed Stainless with Mirror Polish—All in a beautiful Canteen in a rich Jacobean Oak shade. Only a limited supply of these Canteens is available. Applications treated in strict rotation. Post Reservation Forms TO-DAY.

SIX TABLE KNIVES and SIX TABLE FORKS—SIX DESSERT KNIVES and SIX DESSERT FORKS—SIX DESSERT SPOONS and SIX TEA SPOONS—TWO TABLE SPOONS—TWO MUSTARD SPOONS—TWO SALT SPOONS—ONE JAM SPOON—ONE PAIR OF SUGAR TONGS—and—a THREE-PIECE CARVING SET consisting of KNIFE, FORK and STEEL. Blade and haft of knives form one piece and are firmly set well down into the handle. The handles are oval-shaped of super-quality delicately GRAINED WHITE IVORINE.

The Canteen itself, strongly made and finished in a Jacobean oak shade, is lined with an attractive Blue Felttrie. The design of the Canteen is in a modern bay-fronted style, and is registered and exclusive to this Canteen. It is fitted with decorative clasps and solid brass hinges.

47 PIECES

SPOONS & FORKS with Guaranteed Deposit of PURE SILVER PLATING with Mirror Polish.

GUARANTEED STAINLESS KNIVES of FIRTH STEEL with MIRROR POLISH.

BEAUTIFULLY MADE CANTEEN FINISHED IN RICH JACOBEAN OAK SHADE.

A miniature illustration showing this handsome Jacobean Oak shade case when closed.

The complete Canteen of Cutlery will be distributed straight from the manufacturers as follows:—

SET 1	SET 3	SET 5
3 Table Knives	3 Dessert Knives	3 Dessert Knives
3 Table Forks	3 Dessert Forks	3 Dessert Forks
1 Dessert Spoon	2 Mustard Spoons	2 Salt Spoons
	1 Table Spoon	1 Table Spoon
SET 2	SET 4	SET 6
3 Table Knives	The Wonderful JACOBEAN OAK SHADE CANTEEN fitted to hold 47 pieces	3-Piece Carving Set: Knife, Fork and Steel
3 Table Forks		SET 7
1 Pair Sugar Tongs		6 Tea Spoons
		6 Dessert Spoons

DO THIS NOW!

Post Reservation Form and Label below at once. YOU SEND NO MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. On receipt of the Reservation Form and Label, bearing a halfpenny stamp, you will be sent a beautiful folder in colours containing your Seven Presentation Vouchers entitling you to qualify for the Complete Canteen of Cutlery Set by Set.

To qualify for each set, send in one of your Presentation Vouchers accompanied by 4 Tokens cut from 4 consecutive issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible are the series "B," from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull." You may commence with Token No. "B.33" from this issue. Each Set is dispatched to you on receipt of appropriate Voucher properly completed.

All that you are asked to send with each of the first Six COMPLETED vouchers is the amazingly low sum of only 8s. 9d., which includes special packing in carton, insurance, carriage, etc. For the Final Set you send 6s. 9d.

That is all. There is nothing more to pay or do—YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW WITH THE RESERVATION FORM AND LABEL BELOW. It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent must hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull." Should your Newsagent NOT already hold such an order from you, hand him an Order to-day. NO PERSON MAY APPLY FOR MORE THAN ONE COMPLETE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY UNDER THIS SCHEME.

URGENT—Seize this wonderful opportunity NOW. Fill in the Forms below and POST AT ONCE.

POST THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

CUT HERE

The label on the right must be enclosed with this Reservation Form. It will be used for sending to you your Seven Presentation Vouchers. You must fill it in with your name and full postal address in block letters and affix a halfpenny stamp to space provided. This Form and Label may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

"JOHN BULL"

RESERVATION FORM

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS FORM

To: Presentation Dept. J.C.2, "John Bull," 3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

This Form reserves in your name the Presentation of a 47-PIECE CANTEEN OF CUTLERY

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name a Presentation 47-piece Canteen of Cutlery to be qualified for in Seven Sets, and send me by return the Coloured Folder containing my Seven Special Presentation Vouchers, which to qualify. I certify that I have NOT already reserved a Canteen of Cutlery under this Scheme. The Newsagent whose name and address are given below holds my written order for the regular supply of "John Bull."

READER'S SIGNATURE .....
Write clearly below in block letters.

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

NAME OF NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

Date _____ .....

The last day for receipt of applications from this announcement is Monday, August 23rd, 1937 JB. 7.8.37

This offer applies only to those residing in Great Britain, N. Ireland, or Irish Free State. Applicants from I.F.S. will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

A Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by you

NAME

.....

Full Postal ADDRESS

.....

.....

.....

J.B.8 C.C.

DEAF

HEARING AIDS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

SO MINIATURE—SO VERY SMALL—LOVELY INVISIBLE. Try the new yellow wax model Ampliphone. NO OTHER PARTS—NO BATTERIES TO RENEW—PERFECT HEARING. The right hearing aid for you. Complete in Canteen. Wonderful Power. Price only £3 3s. per pair, or sold elsewhere at £5 5s. The greatest offer ever made to the deaf.

IT'S NEW

NOTE THE PRICE 21/-

or cash elsewhere at £3.3.0

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS for 30 days' FREE TRIAL. Send now. B. & J. Hill, Ltd., Bush House, 245, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Circus Tube Stn.) Hours 10 to 6. Also at 91, Chester Road, Manchester. Hours 9 to 5. Supplied under National Health Benefit.

FREE WATCH & CHAIN

FREE

There is no "catch" in it. This watch is a genuine Incabloc Swiss Lever Watch in Chrome Case, warranted 3 years, and neat complete with silver-plated pocket-chain. Our reputation will convince you that this is a genuine offer in order to make our 100% Shefield "Half-Hair" 5-hole type double-edged Razor Blades at 1/- for 12. All you have to do is to buy 3 packets for 3/- (post, etc., 6d.). If not equal to any 4d. blade obtainable, keep the watch and chain, return the blades, and money will be refunded. Send P.O. for 3/6. Nothing more to pay.

OXFORD STREET STORES (Dept. S.W.J.B.), 7, Oxford Street, London, W.1

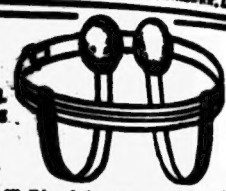
To make sure of BEAUTIFUL FLOORS —use

Beautiful floors are so easily obtained by using Varnene. Just the kind of varnish that gives such a high-class finish to ordinary floor boards. Varnene quickly sets and stands up to the most durable of all wood finishes.

Sold by Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocers, etc. In Dark Oak and other beautiful shades.

VARNENE OIL VARNISH

Makers: Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London



11/- 16/

17/6

We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers since we introduced these Electric Appliances. Consisting of a strong chair frame fitted with soft unpuncturable rubber pads, which, as you can see, are very comfortable, they are, without doubt, the most wonderful aid to comfort on the market to-day. Stand your P.O. at the back of the small body and whether left right or centre will be sent. A fortnight's trial is allowed—After trying different makes, if you are not very impressed, I feel your appliance the best and most reasonable.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (Dept. J.B.), Crown House, 121 Kingsway, London, W.C.2

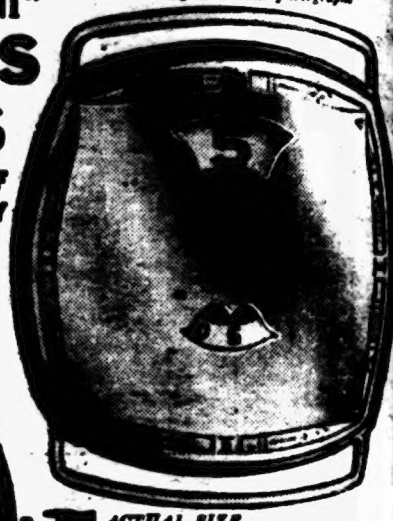
SURPLUS ISSUE OFFER

Chromium "FLIGHT LIEUTENANT"

HANDLESS WATCHES

AS USED BY MEMBERS OF AIR FORCE, ARMY AND NAVY

Reproduced from actual photograph.



We may never be able to obtain another supply of this latest issue of "Flight Lieutenant" Swiss Lever Watches. They have no hands to catch or glass to break. The exact time seen quickly by revolving numbers. Also specially recommended as a ladies' strong sports watch. Absolutely accurate to a minute. Solid leather Strap 1/- extra, or Chrome extension band 2/- extra. Pocket Model 4/9, post 6d.

FULLY GUARANTEED

TO CLEAR

5/9

Post & Boxing 6d.

ACTUAL SIZE

- NO HANDS TO CATCH
- NO GLASS TO BREAK

OXFORD STREET STORES (Desk J.M.D. 2)

7, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1 (3rd Floor, next door Tottenham Court Rd. Tube)

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES

AGE LIMITS 16—23—SOME OTHER SPECIAL ENTRANCE CONDITIONS. NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

FREE GUIDE AND GAZETTE. The 1937 Edition of our Civil Service Handbook is now ready for free distribution. These contain details of present and future Vacancies, Age Limits, Salaries, Promotion and every Condition and Entrance Examination to all Civil Service Branches of the Service (Taxes, Customs, Post Office, Clerical, Engineering, L.C.C., Municipal, etc.) are advised to apply for this enlightening Handbook immediately, together with a copy of the current edition of the Civil Service Vacancy Gazette—

Both sent Free.

B.C.I. (Dept. 70), 326-330 Oxford Street, W.1.

Free

How to Stop Smoking

FREE THEATRE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best and finest I have ever made." If you wish to be free from the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Stanley Treatise, "Tobacco Bondage and the Way Out." It has caused no pain, no discomfort. Send free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and may be worth pounds to you to-day.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE (Dept. B.H.22), 31, Lime Street, London, E.C.4

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2/6 DOWN

Send the small deposit for one of these Genuine Thorn Buildings at the reduced price. Complete in sections for easy erection and fully guaranteed. Roofing Felt and Glass included.

Size	Base	Height	Price	Deposit	Monthly
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£3 15	7/6	7/6
5ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£4 10	9/-	9/-
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£5 5	10/6	10/6
7ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£6 0	12/-	12/-
8ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£6 15	13/6	13/6

FREE DELIVERY ANYWHERE

J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Dept. 2, SHEFFIELD ROAD, HUNTINGDON, HANTS. Tel.: Huntingdon 555.

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The Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- etc., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Reversible REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Dressing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey Patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Brown, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material

usual to wear, and being a speciality of our own can only be had direct from our looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials every week. We absolutely give away a handsome Carpet as per sample illustrated. Send 9/6 every carpet we absolutely give away a Rug, Hearthrug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 Carpets, 2 Rugs, 2 Hearthrugs for 20/-, Carr. Paid. Cash or C.O.D. Illustrated Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.

GOSSON & SONS (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

SPECIAL PURCHASE! FAMOUS BENTIMA WRIST WATCHES 1/- each

160 ONLY!

A splendid opportunity to acquire one of these magnificent watches at enormous reduction on cash terms. Modern cushion shape heavily chrome plated case, fitted fine quality Swiss shock proof lever movement, accurately timed and tested. White dial with bold figures; also second hand. Every Watch fully guaranteed. Send 1/- now plus 6d. post and promise 1/- per week till 15/6 in all, or cash with order 11/-, post free.

SCIENTIFIC DEVELOPMENTS, Ltd., 5-6, Alfred Place, London, W.C.1.

Send your films to GRATISPOOL CO

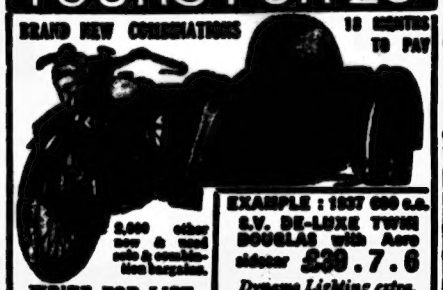
Dept. J.B.12, 207, William St., Glasgow, C.2, for Developing and Printing at Standard prices. Every Print a Super Glossed Postcard. A new Ultra Rapid 8 Exposure British

FILM FREE WITH THE FINISHED RESULTS

If you have not got a film, send 3d. in stamps for a FREE one—state size.

YOURS FOR £5

BRAND NEW CONDITIONS — 18 MONTHS TO PAY



2,000 other new & used cycle & combination bargains.

WRITE FOR LIST

EXAMPLE: 1937 600 c.c. S.V. DE-LUXE TWIN DOUGLAS with Auto sidecar £20.7.6

Dynamo Lighting extra.

PRIDE & CLARKE LTD

154 STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.9

SUTCLIFFES STORE SHED

3/2 MONTHLY

Design S.S. SMALL STORE SHEDS from 15/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£1 14 6	2/6
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	2 2 0	3/3
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	3 15 0	7/0
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	5 5 0	9/0

CATALOGUE FREE. Garages 71/-; Greenhouses, 57/6; Aviaries, 45/-; Kennels, 27/-; Garden Houses, 42/6; Workshops, 52/- (Poor extra.) Poultry Cabins, 32/-, etc. Carriage paid.

H. SUTCLIFFE LTD., 92, Wood Top, Holcombe Brook, Bury. London Showrooms: 59-63, Oxford St., W.1.

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

BY THE WORLD'S FAMOUS MAKERS

Zeiss, Beraisma, Rosenbier, Steinheim, Lumiere, Goerzplix, etc. All available on the easiest of easy terms.

HERE IS AN O.26 MODEL REDUCED 75 YOURS 3/-

YOURS 3/- MONTHLY

At all Sporting Events, Horse Races, Yacht Races, Cruises, Stadia and Country visits, you will obtain far greater enjoyment and keener enthusiasm if you are carrying these wonderful Binoculars. Do not be content with distant vision. Get a real "close-up" and enjoy every possibility of a "Front Row" mark. Send only 3/- deposit and 6d. for postage for immediate delivery on Free approval of these splendidly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris. 6x Magnification, extra wide view, single eye piece adjustment with wheel focus, bending bar, damp and dust proof. Really wonderful definition, none of ships distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English leather Case with neck lanyard and slings. If fully approved, balance payable 3/- monthly until 79/6 is paid, or Cash within 7 days 75/- only. Don't forget to write for FullyIllustrated List of Field and Prism glasses by all the finest makers. Send post free.

LAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 1937), 96-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

SPECIAL SURPLUS CLEARANCE

AIRFORCE BLUE WOOLLY BLANKETS

3/3 EACH. Post 3/- Air-fit Suitcase

780 Pairs only.

The surplus of a large Contract. All brand new and perfect, measuring 6 ft. 4 ins. x 4 ft. 8 ins. As these goods were made especially for overseas use, of a unique woolly texture which improves with washing, they are confidently recommended when a warm, hard-wearing blanket is required. Buy now while you have the opportunity. You cannot afford to miss this amazing bargain. 3/3 each, post 6d., or 6/9 per pair post free. Orders dealt with in strict rotation, so send P.O. at once to:—

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WANTED

ONE HUNDRED PERSONS (EITHER SEX) WHO ARE READY TO EARN A HANDFUL OF £1 NOTES BY SPARE TIME WORK BETWEEN NOW AND XMAS.

A handful of £1 notes by Christmas to spend on little luxuries for yourself, on some things you have been wanting, or on presents for others—you can have a handful!

Send a postcard to us asking for our Private Christmas Card Sample Book, and we will send you the book and full particulars, free of charge. You are not asked for any deposit nor to outlay any of your own money. Our Sample Book contains by far the finest selection of private Christmas Greeting Cards, abounding in Novelties, amazing variety, remarkable Calendars of Imitation Oil Paintings, Animal Studies, beautiful pictures in Bromide, Coloured Scenes and Flower Subjects, dainty Notepapers, Bookmarks, etc. A masterpiece of the choicest and best. Your friends and acquaintances will be delighted to buy these from you, there is something for everybody's taste and needs, one pleasing one person and another pleasing someone else. We pay you handsomely and there are valuable prizes in addition. Apply at once and be the first to start.

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Why rush sandwiched watches when for as little as 1/- deposit you can own a genuine Tru-time Watch, renowned the world over and guaranteed 10 years as wearing. Simply send deposit with name and address. If satisfied, balance by small instalments. Or write for Catalogue. 500 Watches (Ladies' and Gents'). Diamond Rings, etc. Same Easy Terms.

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HUGE REDUCTIONS!

DESPATCHED FROM STOCK • CARR. PAID ENG. & WALES • 250 MILES FREE LORRY DEL.

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Halve the Cost of your Photography by using the JEROME SPOOL

Spools 6d.—in five popular sizes. Spool Developed Free. 8 Postcard Prints 1/6.—Free Charge for Failures. Send P.O. crossed "& Co." and 2d. stamp for return postage. Write name and address in block capitals.

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DRAWING POCKET

Slightly soiled but optically perfect. Long range of vision. Light and easily portable for use with or without tripod, which is given FREE with every one. This highly nickel-plated extending tripod gives adjustable height with steadiness. Telescope swivels or revolving platform to focus easily in any direction. 150 only drastically reduced to 2/9, post and packing 6d. Complete with FREE Tripod. Send at once to—

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Red Tiles and Red Composition floors always look bright and attractive if regularly treated with CARDINAL, the polish that gives such a lovely rich red finish. Excellent, too, for Front Steps, Brick and Cement Paths. Enamels a waterproof surface and will not trap dirt. Also in Green, Cream, White and Transparent.

Of all Dealers.

Made by Makers of HARRISON POLISH.

G.P.R.2

Owing to laying down special plant and re-organising the British Factory, we are now able to offer this outstanding "DOUBLE-WAVE" Comb which WAVES HAIR WITHOUT HEAT OR ANY OTHER APPLIANCE

at 9d. each, post 2d., a price that you cannot afford to miss. No matter whether short or long—simply comb your hair to produce beautiful natural waves. No curling irons, bother or mess. Will save you pounds in hairdressers' bills. The 48 specially shaped teeth give truly amazing results. Your money willingly refunded if not delighted. Send P.O. 1/- at once (stamps not accepted). Be Lazy model in real soft tortoiseshell 2/6, post free.

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DON'T USE UNDERSTRAPS OR A TIGHT-FITTING APPLIANCE

The most objectionable part of a rupture support is the understrap and the tightness of the band around the body, particularly during the summer months.

The latest Elastoplast Flywright Belt and Gusset appliance DOES NOT REQUIRE UNDERSTRAPS and there is NO STRAIT PRESSURE round the hips. Flywright gives absolute security and the undersmall of support and in addition it can be used for KIDNEY or SEA BATHING as well as for general wear. The Flywright will control your rupture NO MATTER HOW SEVERE. To prove our claim we offer a TRIAL FOR SEVEN CLEAR DAYS BEFORE PAYMENT. YOU NEED NO MONEY. WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET. Approved Patents usually allow the whole cost. Write or call now and test this wonderful invention.

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QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN FREE SCYTHE

SPECIAL SHORTENED POLE FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE WITH 7 DAYS

2/6 CARR. PAID

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor-edge tempered steel 9 in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW. P.O. 2/- to 1

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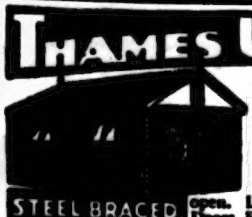
1/- DOWN

The famous "Schwarta" Binoculars—by noted foreign maker. Fitted powerful 4-lens combination giving range over several miles. Large objective and eye lenses for increased field of view with brilliant definition. Rapid centre focusing. Black enamel finish, body covered morocco grain material. Supplied complete with Leopard on suppose-dated terms. Obtainable for 1/- down plus 2d. postage and promise 1/- weekly until 19/6 is paid or cash with order 8/- post free. Cases 1/6 extra.

OPTICAL PRODUCTS, 6, ALFRED PLACE, W.C.1.

THAMES UTILITY



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Planed Framing and Weatherboards. Tongued and Grooved Roofs & Floors. Corners Steel Braced. Mortised and Tenoned Doors and Door Frames. Roofs Steel Tied. All windows open. Lock, Key and Bolts to Doors. Felt & Battens included. FREE "GRIP" GARAGE. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

Lth.	Wth.	Ht.	Cash.	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	8	£5/10/-	6/-	10/2
12	8	8	£8/10/-	8/-	11/10
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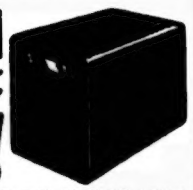
Asbestos Garages from £6/-. List G. Free Delivery England and Wales. Free Plans for Councils.

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7, WEST ST., ERITH, KENT. (Proprs.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd.) (Est. 40 years.) Phone: Erith 2672-3.

FREE CAMERA IN BOX IS YOURS—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

WITH FILM AND FULL INSTRUCTIONS



To popularise our 100 per cent. Sheffield 'Multi-Lite' 2-hole type double edged razor blades we are giving absolutely FREE with every order for 12 blades for 1/6 post free this Box Camera with good lens, accurate view-finder, simple time and instantaneous shutter, instructive finish. Daylight loading. Also film and instructions. Money back if blades are not equal to any 4d. blade. Send P.O. 1/6 only (stamps not accepted) for 12 blades and FREE Camera and film. Nothing more to pay.

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3rd Floor. Next door Tottenham Court Rd. Tube.

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

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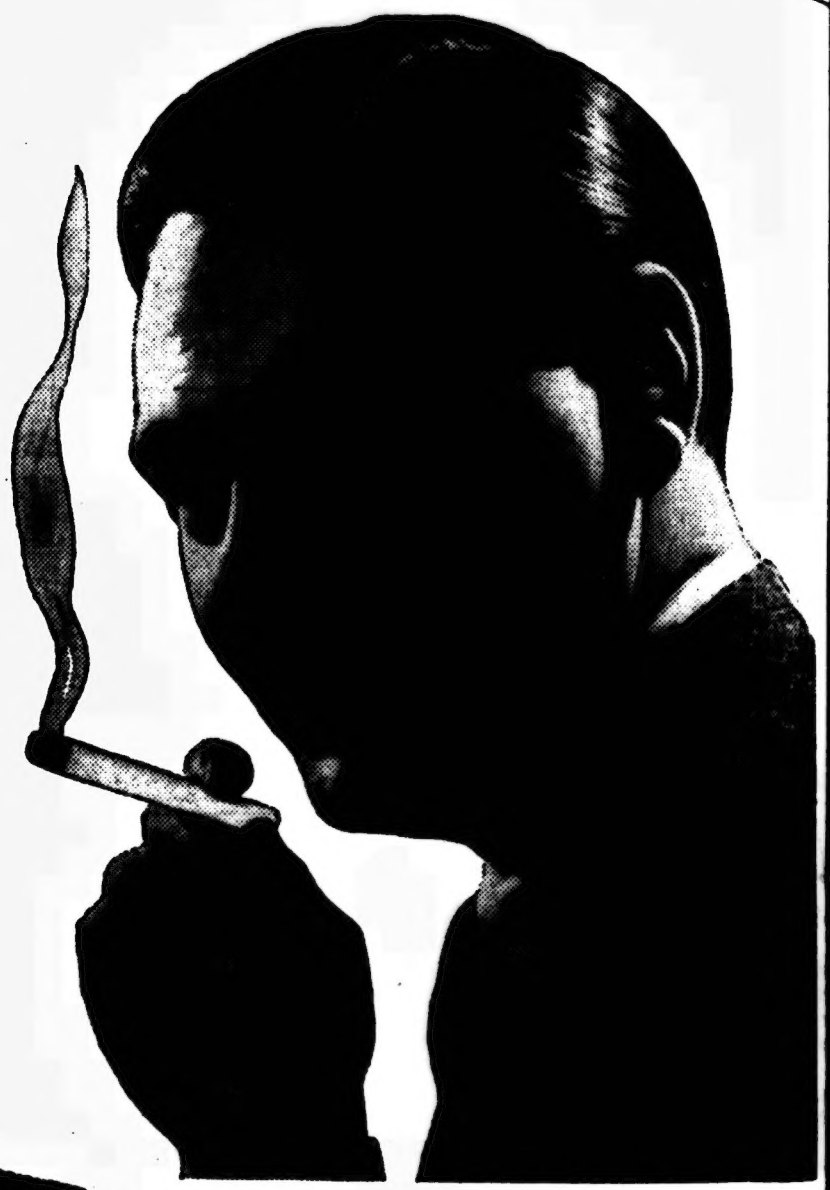
CYCLES FROM 65/- CASH OR EASY TERMS

THAT'S MY OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1937 Models at lower prices and terms than agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

PICC A PICCADILLY



10 for 4D.

15 for 6D.

PJ.154

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JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 7, 1937. Twopence.
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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Wonderful *Holiday News* for SHARKS

AT last there is a move to curb the heartless plundering of the worthless charity sharks. A Bill has just been introduced into Parliament for this purpose.

Meanwhile, the plunderers are king hay while the sun shines. **Working** time on innumerable "**summer appeals,**" are reaping a richer **harvest than the** t successful farmer **will ever know.**

Householders everywhere are being gered to subscribe to funds which osten- exist to provide holidays by the sea or he country for slum children, the unem- ed, cripples and other deserving folk.

Admirable objects. **But too often the** of the money wheedled from a generous lic goes into the pockets of the promoters their agents.

In any case, the field is already adequately ered by national charities, whose appeals properly organised and supervised.

Their work is too well known to be con- ed with that of the sharks; but appily they suffer when money given by a generous public to us concerns.

It is true that the holiday es so glowingly described in rature issued by shady pro- ers sometimes exist. But the wing phrases hide gloomy facts.

Time and time again John Bull s so-called seaside camps to be rly unsuitable. We have had to ose disgraceful conditions, which ade bad food, inadequate staff, r sanitary arrangements. There "children's homes" which have her resident matron nor doctor, re the older children are made to do all menial work.

A sanitary inspector, visiting one such e which we exposed, found it lacking in ry necessary arrangement for both com- t and health.

AS many as fourteen children of all ages up to fourteen were crowded into this six-roomed dwelling—an Essex bunga- run by a supposed Mission—and, though and crippled children were ostensibly its concern, four youngsters had to share a le bed!

Another alleged camp which we visited, run by a parson, turned out to be old Army hut in North Wales to which a single child was sent during a period two years in which the reverend gentleman busily raking in funds.

Now, as we say, the charity boom is at its height. On the average, we expose a new arrant charity imposture every month; yet we have to admit that reasons of space prevent us from attacking scores of others which are brought to our notice.

In recent months we have warned our readers against such ambitious concerns as the Poor Children's Fund, which has sent out hundreds of thousands of appeal letters, the Slum Children's Welfare Fund, and similar impudent excuses for fleecing the public; unfortunately, there are dozens of such dubious organisations in London, while provincial cities provide an unhappy hunting-ground for many more.

The celebrated cautionary list of the Charity Organisation Society grows longer every year; who can wonder that the Society's chairman, Lord Luke, has urged the need for fresh regulations to defeat the sharks?

Now his appeal has been heeded by Lord Kennet, who is responsible for the Collecting Charities (Regulation) Bill, introduced into the House of Lords.

But, of course, the noble Lords have now departed from Westminster for their lengthy summer vacation, and so the Bill must wait until they return in the autumn—which means a fat harvest for the exploiters — before it can even be considered.

And, frankly, we hope it will not be passed in its present form. Though its aims are excellent, it would evoke little more than winks and hearty guffaws from the charity rogues.

It bans unlicensed collections, while granting exemption to national charities. That is good.

IT enables the police to refuse a licence if the promoter does not keep proper accounts, or if he pays his collectors too big a rake-off, or if he doesn't devote a reasonable proportion of the money to the objects for which it was subscribed.

That is good, too. But Lord Kennet's intentions leave much in doubt.

For who is to say how much the collectors may keep without fear of the law? Will they still be allowed to hold on to 50 per cent. of the spoils?

At present, again, the bogus charity promoter is safe from police interference if he devotes only a farthing in the £ to the cause for which he pleads public sympathy. In future, will he have to give 10 per cent., 20, 40—what?

THE Bill doesn't say. What it does say, in its weakest clause, is that the penalty for making a false statement to obtain a licence or breaking the new law in any other way will be *a fine not exceeding £5.*

We leave our readers to judge whether the get-rich-quick gentry will be deterred from their lucrative game by fear of a paltry fine.

But we do appeal to Lord Kennet, whose objects we applaud, to strengthen his Bill when it receives a Parliamentary hearing. And we trust that, no longer a curate's egg, it will be passed before the charity mongers make their usual change from bogus "summer holiday" funds to bogus "winter clothing" concerns.

The charity shark believes in making hay while the sun shines

Straight From The Shoulder

Shameful Seaside Slavery

UNSUSPECTED by the vast crowds of holiday-makers, the seaside is shamed by a scandal so abominable as to be scarcely credible.

Certain types of boarding-house and café proprietors are the culprits. Their victims are to be found among those workers who are engaged for the season to minister to the comforts of others.

Doomed to Drudgery

One of them is a girl who a few weeks ago was sent by an employment agency to a private hotel in a Welsh resort as a housemaid-waitress, never dreaming that she would be the only servant.

From early morning till late at night, seven days a week, she slaves as chambermaid, waitress, kitchenmaid and scullery hand for the munificent wage of 17s. 6d. And she could get 15s. a week on the "dole" if she hadn't forfeited her right to it by becoming a domestic servant!

Yet this girl is comparatively lucky. Others, toiling as hard for fifteen or even eighteen hours a day, are rewarded by only 10s. or 12s. 6d. a week.

"Good Home" Stories

Of course, they receive tips. But you may wonder whether a few (sometimes a very few) extra shillings compensates one girl for doing the work of four.

One employment agent writes bitterly to JOHN BULL: "I sometimes get letters asking for a young girl to train, with the usual cry that she will have a good home.

"Well, she is made a drudge for all the hours of the day. They will pay her 5s. a week. Still, she has a good home? Yes—yet perhaps not get enough to eat.

"I would advise parents not to allow their girls to take these jobs if they value their health."

A Guilty Few

We do not pretend that such atrocious conditions are general. We know they exist only in a minority of seaside boarding-houses and so-called private hotels, and are deplored by all reputable caterers.

But the complaints which reach us are not confined to a single district.

Nor can we doubt that workers in certain cafés are little better off than their sisters in private establishments.

All Paper "Show"

We have before us a letter written by the management of a seaside restaurant. It states, without apology:

"We require at once two experienced waitresses. Wages, £1 per week; food found. Every other night off from 7 p.m., one half-day per week, seven day week. Working hours, 8 a.m. to 11 p.m."

And we have seen another letter, from a large café in a famous holiday town, offering precisely the same terms.

Thin Purses, Theirs!

Visualise what they imply! An eighty-four-hour week. From the wage of £1, deduct 1s. 3d. for insurance, 2s. for laundry, perhaps 10s. for a room.

True, some café waitresses are spared the expense of lodgings. But this may be a doubtful boon.

A trade union official has just publicly quoted the case of a girl who works *more than ninety hours* a week for 14s. and sleeps in a cellar converted into a room just big enough to hold a bed!

Maids-Of-All-Work

Nevertheless, even worse sufferers are the maids-of-all-work in a minority of boarding-houses.

Why do they remain in such bondage? That is easy to understand.

Most come from the Midlands and Northern industrial areas; it takes time to save up the return fares. Some employers, again, withhold part of their meagre wages until the season ends, when it is paid to them on discharge as a "bonus."

Fortunately, these seaside exploiters

Happy holiday-makers—but what about the boarding-house slavey?

are now lamenting that women and girls are preferring to enter munition factories. In time, we may hope, they will be forced into line with the great majority of caterers and pay reasonable wages. That time cannot come too quickly!

Tricked

Many municipalities are finding they have been tricked by the Government, and their ratepayers will have bigger bills for the next half-year.

Although assurances were given that the Unemployment Assistance Board would shoulder the cost of maintaining all able-bodied unemployed, thousands of these men are now being shelved on to the P.A.C.—which means on to the local rates.

Protests by councils have not produced anything but a bill for £1,400,000 which the maintenance of these men will cost them this year. Such a state of affairs should put a fly in the ointment of the Prime Minister's holiday fishing.

Queer Comfort

Three weak cheers for the Board of Control inspector who suggested that the day-rooms at the Chorley P.A.C. institution should be brightened by putting railway posters on the walls!

Undoubtedly, many of these posters are of high artistic quality, but just imagine how tickled to death the poor old "paupers" will be at being invited to "Come to Sunny Muddlecombe," and to travel by luxury streamlined expresses to Wonderful Lakeland, Bonnie Scotland, or Glorious Devon. We *don't* think!

Clearing Sea "Slums"

The proposals of the Merchant Shipping Advisory Committee for betterment of crew accommodation must not remain mere proposals. They must be adopted by the Board of Trade and translated into law.

W. R. Spence: Seamen's Union Leader

Far too long the living conditions provided for British sailors have been a disgrace to the world's greatest maritime nation—cramped, verminous "slums of the sea" which have aroused JOHN BULL'S ire on many occasions.

The shipowners cannot expect songs of praise for this belated recognition of the seamen's right to decent quarters, but they will regain some lost credit by co-operating with the National Union of Seamen to improve conditions without delay.

Churchyard Finance

Many complaints reach us about excessive burial charges, especially in churchyards.

At one place in Wolverhampton the charge for reopening a grave is £5 5s. to anyone living out of the parish.

In addition to this, there is a charge of £3 3s. for taking a headstone into the churchyard, and an irritating extra of 2s. 6d. imposed for reading and passing the proposed inscription on the memorial.

Clear evidence of the crying need for a revision of the fees which make it almost too expensive to die.

Government Tricking the Ratepayers
Seamen Deserve a Square Deal
Plenty of Jobs for Aliens

Time to Shout

Every year 15,000 aliens come into this country to take up jobs.

Although the law says that before a permit is granted the Minister of Labour must be satisfied that there is no British man or woman available who can do the job, there has been an increase of nearly 50 per cent. in the number of alien permits granted since the National Government came into office.

A queer kind of "National" policy, when there are still over 1,400,000 Britons registered as out of work.

Time Mr. Ernest Brown, credited with having the loudest voice in Parliament, shouted "Keep out!"

"Turned Adrift"

We recently dealt with *one* typical case of the tragic plight of a "retired" railwayman.

Now Mr. J. Kiddie, president of the N.U.R. approved society, declares that thousands of railwaymen are being turned adrift at sixty-five without pensions from the railway companies after fifty years' service, and with only 10s. old-age pension from the State.

Mr. Kiddie says, "It is damnable." So do we.

Welcome Gestures

When the Norwegian steamer *Havso* was sinking off Holyhead recently ships of all nationalities dashed to her rescue.

They were too late to help, for the crew had taken to the boats, landed on the beach, been befriended by the local people, and given food, clothes, and drink.

A familiar story of the sea. If only the world could get more of the sea spirit into its relationships, what a happier place it could be!

Their Honour

No matter what might be said about the session of Parliament just concluded, whether its legislation has been good, bad, indifferent, or just the usual old blundering along, history has been made since it was elected in November, 1935.

The fact that it has extended over three reigns will no doubt secure for this Parliament a place in the history books unsullied by any references to its general bungling and insincerity.

The Invalid Pays

Scarborough is different. An invalid from Leeds who is compelled to use a wheel-chair discovered that when he and his wife were charged 3s. to go on to the Spa Esplanade. A shilling a head, and a shilling for the chair.

When he protested he never had had to pay for his chair at other resorts, the Spa company replied that if they did not charge for wheel-chairs, prams, etc., the Spa might be inundated with nursemaids and crying babies.

Maybe the Spa company cannot see any difference between invalids and crying infants—but invalids remember where they get considerate treatment.

Just Forgotten

When we are told of the diminishing unemployment figures, it is not always remembered that millions of people not entitled to become insured are therefore not accounted for in Employment Exchange records.

It is estimated that between 500 and 700,000 of these people are without employment—a point which Mr. Bro[wn] the Minister of Labour, is not keen to be reminded about.

No Mercy?

It is a great pity the applications for leave to appeal by eleven men and one woman in connection with the H[unger] worth dis[turb]ances were" dismissed.

D. N. Pritt, K.C.: Pleaded their case

When amity has been reached between the [miners] unions in the N[orth] coalfield it is particularly unhap[py]. As Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., declared in the applica[tion] there is no do[ubt] they were victi[ms] of "acute ind[us]trial aggravati[on] who otherw[ise] might never h[ave] found their w[ay] to the courts.

If the Home Secretary can gauge the pulse of pu[blic] feeling their freedom will not be l[ong] delayed.

A Bogus Doctor

When Arthur Lewis, otherwise "[Dr.] Charles Baxter," the notorious qua[ck] "disappeared" into Ireland, JOHN B[ULL] arranged to keep a watchful eye o[n] for him.

More than once we have exposed [his] operations as a so-called foot specia[list] claiming to have effected marvel[lous] "cures," and separating gullible pe[ople] from their money.

Well, Lewis has turned up again—[but] only to be "sent down." At the Crimi[nal] Court, Dublin, he has been sente[nced] to eighteen months' imprisonment [for] posing as a doctor and securing mo[ney] by false pretences. So you won't [be] hearing any more about him for a wh[ile].

Spying the Land

A few weeks ago we drew attention [to] the fact that firms in this country w[ere] filling big orders from Germany for [the] Ordnance maps and Admiralty char[ts].

Now we learn that Nazi cycling cl[ubs] have given official instructions to [their] members going on tours in foreign co[un]tries that they should make themselv[es] familiar with the geography and lay-[out] of all the land through which they p[ass]. Hitler is evidently looking ahead.

KNOCK-OUTS

Lord Dudley: "Beat your plo[ugh]shares into swords and your pruni[ng] hooks into spears." *To raise another crop of crosses?*

* * *

Mr. Alex. P. Fachiri:—"The t[wo] things—neutrality and non-intervent[ion] —are entirely different."—*The differe[nce] between building and bombing Cast[ile] in Spain!*

* * *

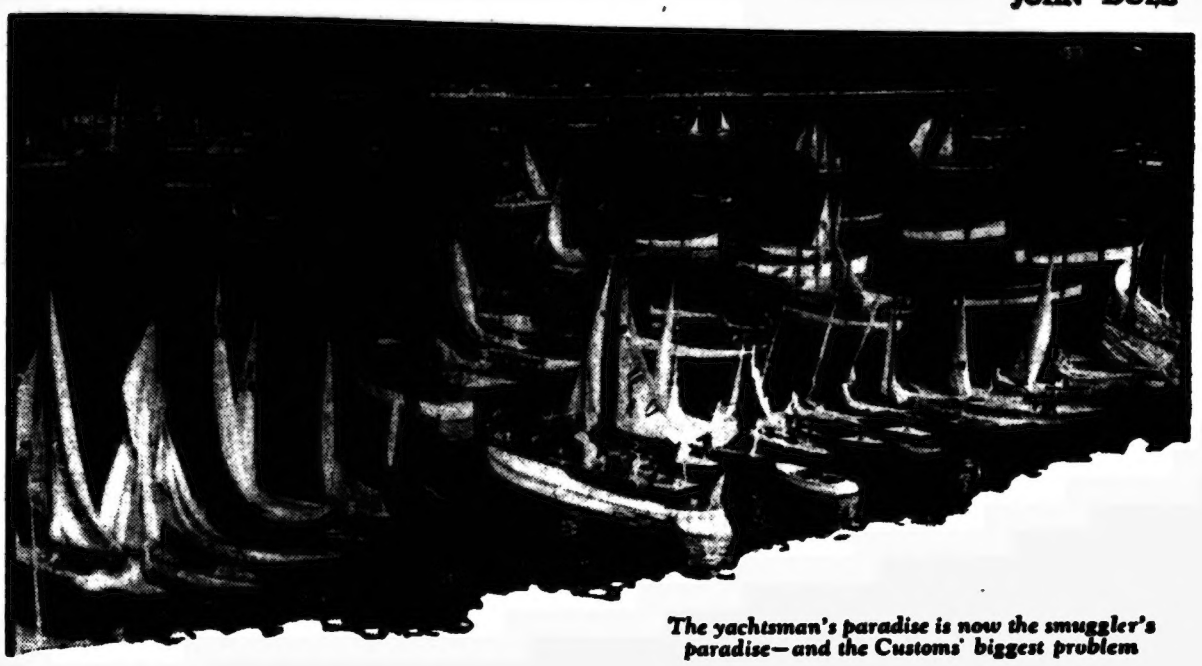
Mr. W. M. Huntbach (Stoke-on-Tr[ent] coroner):—"It requires an accident [in] a coalmine to find out what splend[id] fellows there are."—*But miners can[not] live on laurel wreaths.*

* * *

Prof. Fredk. Norman: "The Germ[an] is a past-master at building up syste[ms] of thought on the flimsiest of evidence" —*And also breaking up homes.*

The age-old battle between the smuggler and the Revenue man never wanes. If anything, it becomes more and more intensified.

Today, all available resources are being mobilised in a big new drive to defeat the modern smuggler, who, just as daring as his forefathers, but infinitely better equipped, presents our Customs and Excise authorities with no mean problem.



The yachtsman's paradise is now the smuggler's paradise—and the Customs' biggest problem

NEW Smuggling Rackets EXPOSED

ONE of the biggest and the most concentrated drives against smuggling ever organised by the Customs and Excise Authority is now in full swing.

The staff of the famous "B."—the Secret Service branch of the Customs—has been increased, and some are on almost permanent "investigation duty" in ports along the French, Belgian and Dutch coastline. Their job is to get on to "shipments" at the source.

At home Preventive officers and coast watchers have had leave suspended, and even retirement dates put forward, so that every available man can go into the fight against smugglers.

Other forces of the Crown have been drawn in: Fisheries Protection vessels, police patrols to watch inland waterway and coastline "beats," and even the hidden network and organisation of the War Office's contra-espionage service, with figurehead called M.I.5.

Altogether there are not less than 10,000 men engaged in what the Customs hope will be a final effort to stamp out a formidably growing secret industry. You can get some idea of the problem they are up against from the official figures.

In the last two years there have been over 12,000 seizures of smuggled goods, and nearly 5,000 people have been convicted.

Those totals are a fine tribute to the Customs vigilance, but they know that the bigger the number of seizures the bigger the dimensions of the traffic as a whole.

More money for preventive work, and the stiffening of the Finance Act, which increases smuggling penalties up to a maximum of two years, has helped the Customs a lot. It was a complete farce when, as happened only a year ago, two men could be fined £74,709 *or* the maximum of six months' imprisonment.

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But even now the two years' jail, although it should be a deterrent, is seldom imposed. And the huge profits in the game, *plus* the slight punishment if caught, have brought the organised gangs into being.

Three factors are helping the smuggling gangs to build up a growing and enormously profitable industry, and hampering the efforts of the Customs.

One, is the private light aeroplane; two, is the huge increase of the last year or two in private motor boating as a social pastime; three, is the decline of foreign currency as against the pound sterling which, coupled with heavy duties here, almost doubles the smugglers' big previous profits.

Recently the Customs tightened up their inspection system at aerodromes. Previously there had been a "gentleman's agreement" that private aeroplanes were rarely subjected to search; but they had ample evidence that this agreement has been broken on a widespread scale.

Now an Air Navigation Order has been made forbidding any aeroplanes to depart for or arrive direct from foreign countries except at aerodromes where there is a Customs post.

Only a few days ago Yard men were trying to trace the pilot and owners of a private aeroplane which landed on an "un-Customed" field in abroad and unloaded a man who disappeared in a waiting car.

The Air Navigation Order is only a small part of the Customs new preventive efforts against the air smuggler, who, they believe, is responsible for hundreds of "shipments" of valuable contraband like cameras, watches, optical goods, silks, jewels and dope.

Another thing to be guarded against is the entry into this country of undesirable aliens who are willing to pay large sums to avoid the scrutiny of the Special Branch men at the air line and port barriers.

The authorities have drawn the net close enough. With their own wireless listening posts, coast observers, and co-operation with the official air signal stations, they have introduced a sort of "Lloyd's spotter" system of the air.

Just as it is impossible for a ship to enter or leave any port without being noticed and reported by a Lloyd's "spotting" station, so is it almost impossible for any aeroplane to cross the British coastline unobserved.

If it has not "notified" itself it is checked through an intricate telephone network of police and other observers. If it shows no signs of alighting at a Customs-controlled aerodrome, the authorities want to know why. And they are not long in finding out.

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Full details of this "follow-up" system cannot be given, but it is enough to say this—by it, no aeroplane under observation can "lose" itself in this country for more than five minutes.

In one recent case of an "unauthorised" landing far inland the police were on the scene within five minutes. Not much time for a "get-away" with contraband under such circumstances.

Even the best schemes of rendezvous and waiting cars must be defeated by such a close and speedy system of prevention.

But it is the old seaborne traffic in smuggling which causes the worst trouble to the Customs and the reason why they are making such an increased drive.

Your present smuggling gangs do not go in for the old romantic trappings of the game, like muffled engines and light signals off a coast at midnight and mysterious cars and lorries travelling with lights out along desolate marsh roads. They know that kind of stuff attracts too much attention.

They run their "cargoes" up in broad daylight in private motor yachts and speed-boats into estuaries so crammed with similar but innocent craft that the Customs can scarcely tell one from t'other.

Their activities are camouflaged by the modern "let's get to sea" movement—the huge boom that has arisen in private motor boating and yachting—and the smuggler's favourite landing places are those harbours which are crammed with the craft of this new type of amateur sailor.

A few of the "lone smugglers" *do* run their craft across to the other side to pick up cargoes, but the organised gangs are not so foolish. They know that all boats leaving foreign Channel ports are notified to the Customs here through the Lloyd's "spotter" and a search and subsequent seizure is bound to follow sooner or later.

Most gangs go off as ordinary holiday-makers in their craft and pick up their cargoes out of sight of land from boats which have run out from the French, Dutch or Belgian ports.

Then they run back into harbour after having had an apparently innocent trip outside—just a "blow down the Channel." The cargo is then unloaded bit by bit to cars and taken to the buyers or a store place.

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The maze of creeks and harbours round Chichester, in Sussex, which is a "yachtsman's paradise," is a paradise also for the smugglers—and one of the worst spots on the Customs records. It is there where the bulk of the extra Customs staff have been thrown into preventive work.

It has been an impossible job for the existing coast watchers to patrol its scores of miles of winding harbourlands and keep an eye on the hundreds of craft which are daily coming and going in this area.

Last year the Customs had to admit they were beaten; the harbourmasters and pilots—everyone who had anything to do with the life of the waterways—told them so.

This summer there are scores of observers on bicycles, and in the new fleet of twenty-five knot Customs boats patrolling every inch of the flats of water and keeping a twenty-four-hour watch on the movements and unloading of all craft.

You can multiply the efforts in this area by those which are going on at half a dozen other places on Essex, Suffolk, Cornish and South Wales coasts which are sharing in the amateur yachting boom.

Where these innocent holiday-makers are, so are the smuggling gangs—dressed like them, acting like them and running the same kind of boats.

By the end of this summer we shall know who has won—the smuggling gangs or the Customs. But we have little doubt, knowing the scope of the efforts which the Customs are now making, that it is they who will win. For they dare not, they cannot, afford to lose.

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

BOGUS LAIRD'S 'Bag of Fraud'

The victims of the Laird of Dunheugh believed that next week they would be members of a party like this—moving off to the grouse butts

WHEN the grouse-shooting season opens next week there will be at least fifty people in Britain for whom it will be a melancholy occasion.

They have been robbed of about £100 each by Mr. Cardo Innes, self-styled Laird of Dunheugh, Perthshire.

Next week they were to have been his guests for a month at Dunheugh—described to them as one of the most extensive and productive shooting estates in all Scotland.

* * *

Disappointment must be their lot—for the simple reason that there is no such place as Dunheugh and Cardo Innes has no territorial interests either in Perthshire or anywhere else.

He is, in fact, a rogue.

Innes obtained his fifty victims and their money chiefly by means of advertising for paying-guests to spend a shooting holiday with him at Dunheugh.

He was careful to select for dupes only people of the type who knew little or nothing about the costs and conditions of grouse-shooting.

To the people he has swindled Innes represented that he was a Canadian timber grower and had recently become Laird of Dunheugh by the death of his brother. The residential part of his estate, he told them, consisted of a mansion of thirty rooms, a shooting lodge, several farmhouses and a number of cottages occupied at this time of the year by his ghillies, beaters and stalkers.

* * *

Specimen records which he exhibited of the "bags" of grouse and ground game obtained in previous years on the Dunheugh moors proved that the yield to the guns there was considerably above the average of other estates in Scotland.

Cardo Innes explained that he had considered several offers from well-known and wealthy people to rent Dunheugh from him for the shooting season, but he calculated that it would be a more profitable proposition to receive guests on a paying basis.

For £100 each they were to receive much more than board and lodging and service at his mansion or shooting lodge.

First-class railway sleeping-car travel was to be provided for them to the city of Perth, where, on "the Twelfth," private motor-cars would meet and transport them to Dunheugh.

His guests had not even to provide their own shooting equipment. Guns and ammunition, they were informed, would be supplied to them.

The services of valets for men guests and of maids for those who brought their wives or daughters would also be available without extra cost. There would be no charge either for beaters or gun-loaders or for the daily use of hill-ponies and shooting cars to the grouse butts.

* * *

Each guest—so complete and liberal was the programme—was also to be supplied free with one bottle of champagne or other wine per day!

That this was all a gigantic deception and fraud was only revealed a few days ago when one of the prospective guests of Cardo Innes observed that a specially quick bank clearance had been made of a cheque for £100 which he had given him. A telegram of enquiry to Innes at Dunheugh House was returned marked "Address not known."

Then, when Innes was sought out at the London address in Kensington which he had given, it was found to be no more than an apartment which he had rented for a few weeks and which he has left hurriedly.

* * *

Cardo Innes is actually a Canadian, but his real name—under which he has been convicted for fraud a number of times in Quebec, Toronto and New York—is Norman Jackson.

Far from being a timber grower or inheritor and laird of a Scottish domain, his only known occupation, apart from his swindling activities, has been that of a quarry labourer.

Blow for a HAPPY FAMILY

SURELY it would be impossible to find a worse example of legal absurdity and harshness than this one.

Henry Charles Stillwell, ex-soldier, who served overseas during the whole period of the war, is living happily with his wife and family of five children in their comfortable little home at Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

In the past there were minor domestic differences between husband and wife, but they are now forgotten and forgiven. Stillwell has a regular job and is working hard.

* * *

Then, suddenly, Henry Stillwell is arrested and sent to Lewes Prison.

He is taken on a warrant issued in November, 1933—nearly four years ago—on a charge of failing to maintain his wife and family, whom he has since been supporting and living with most happily.

For the reason of this extraordinary arrest it is necessary to go back six years.

At that period of their married life Stillwell and his wife parted. The man went away and the woman and the children became chargeable to the local authorities.

Stillwell was summoned for maintenance, and, because he could not pay the charges ordered, he was committed to prison for twenty-eight days. The warrant for his arrest, however, was n executed.

Subsequently, husband and wife m They talked over their misunderstan ing, saw it was foolish to rem separated, and decided that they wo begin life anew.

Remembering the outstanding w rant, Mrs. Stillwell went to the auth ties and told them about the rec ciliation.

She was assured that, in the circu stances, everything would be all ri and that her husband need not wo over bygones.

That was more than three years ago

Now for recent events. Stillwell is work. A plain-clothes police officer c and says, "I have a warrant here your arrest. You must come with me."

Straight from work, Stillwell is tak The police are extremely considera towards him.

The superintendent drives Stillwell his own car to Lewes so that he m not be recognised in his humiliation people in the streets.

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Indeed, the police had endeavoured obtain a cancellation of the three-ye old warrant, so great was their sy pathy with the man.

When Stillwell is formally hand over at Lewes Prison, the gover examines the papers authorising imprisonment, and at once says, "Th is something far wrong here." Stillw tells his story; a prompt investigation made by the governor and a report the whole matter is forwarded to Home Office.

In due course the Home Office repl with an order for the man's release.

Five days Stillwell spends in prison the public expense. His wife, depri of her husband's wages, has to apply relief—also at the public expense.

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There remains the puzzle why St well was arrested on a three-year warrant for default in maintena when he was living happily with his and family and keeping them, and assurance was given long ago that matter had been closed by their rec ciliation.

Apparently it happened that so official, looking through old records, that the warrant was outstandi Then the machine was set in motion.

The fact that somebody blundered poor consolation to Stillwell for days in a prison cell, or to his wife her grievous distress.

Fortunately, Stillwell has been giv back his job by a considerate employ Otherwise there would have be further charges on the ratepayers Shoreham.

But how crazy that this kind of thi should be possible!

Eviction Cruelty at its Worst

AMONGST the reports which reach JOHN BULL daily of hardship and misery caused by the housing system of this country, none is more pathetic than those which relate to the ejection from their homes of aged workers and their families for no other reason than that the dwellings they occupied belong to their employers and have to be forfeited on dismissal or retirement.

* * *

A common example is provided in the suffering of Mr. Henry Sams, a sixty-one-year-old miner of Craghead, near Stanley, in County Durham.

Mr. Sams has lost his employment at a colliery on account of his age. The notice of his compulsory retirement was accompanied by an intimation that he must also vacate his house.

He was utterly at a loss. He searched everywhere in the district for another house to accommodate his family and belongings. It was useless. In the many areas of the country where employers are also the principal landlords of working-class people, so little new building has been permitted that the quest for other accommodation is almost hopeless.

Frequency of scenes like this—an ejected family — are the condemnation of the housing system

An order was made against Sams to surrender his house, and soon he found himself in the street with his wife and four children. His furniture was piled up on the pavement.

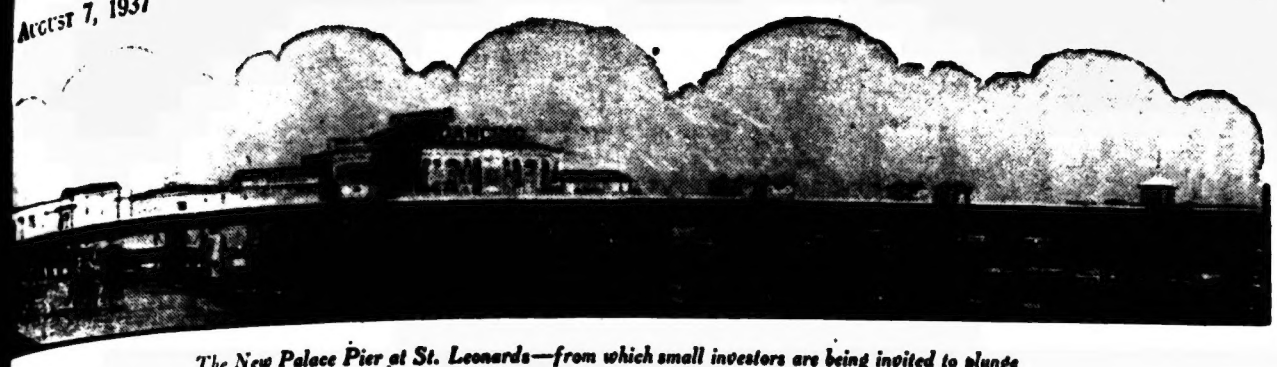
Rain and wind took toll of the family's possessions, *which remained in the roadway for nearly a month.* Then Mr. Sams was told by the authorities that, unless his belongings were removed somewhere else, he would be charged with causing an obstruction and possibly sent to jail.

No blame for this family's terrible plight attaches to the magistrates who made the ejectment order. They had no choice but to do so when the employer-landlord made his application.

It is a vital defect of the law that workers who occupy property owned by their employers are regarded as decontrolled tenants and that the judicial benches have no power to refuse or delay an order for possession made by an employer.

* * *

A committee appointed by the Minister of Health is now considering future legislation for the control of rents and letting of working-class houses. It could render particularly good service if it gave special consideration to the case of Sams and his family as a specimen of the treatment which tens of thousands of other families have to endure.



The New Palace Pier at St. Leonards—from which small investors are being invited to plunge

Millionaires' Mile of Mystery

BY flamboyant, highly coloured circular and newspaper advertisement, investors in all parts of the country are being canvassed to acquire "A Stake in Sussex."

Great numbers of enquiries are reaching JOHN BULL every day regarding the offer.

The supposedly delectable holding is to take the form of 6 per cent. redeemable debenture bonds of the St. Leonards and Hastings Property Society, Ltd., of 9, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

"A Treatise on Financial Independence" is the title of a touting brochure issued by the Society. Remarkable statements, intended to impress people with money to spare, are made therein.

* * *

For example, those who take up the debentures are assured of a "six per cent. return *under supervision of a public auditor appointed by His Majesty's Treasury.*"

This, to say the least, is somewhat misleading. It is simply emphasis of the fact that companies registered as friendly societies, as this one is, must have their annual accounts inspected by an auditor from an approved panel. The auditor has no control over the policy of the society.

* * *

What the Society intends to do, apparently, is take part in the development of the St. Leonards district of the borough of Hastings.

Here is something which the Society says in its booklet: "The Mayfair of St. Leonards is the western portion of the borough. Here values soar to those regions beloved of high finance. Fortunes have rewarded enterprise in this elite area. Here prosperity has taken up permanent residence; the enormous possibilities of this western area have inspired development schemes worthy of Sussex's famous 'Millionaires' Mile'!

"Activity at fever heat, this locality is minting value as none other. We repeat—what better venue for the Property Society bent upon creating the perfect investment?

"On all sides resounds the song of saw, hammer and pile-driver, every vista is fretted with scaffolding, all St. Leonards bends energy upon orchestrating a symphony of value and yet more value."

Even members of the Town Council, who have done so much in recent years to further the interests of Hastings, cannot recognise that description of this part of their own town.

Neither do they know the "Millionaire's Mile."

As shown by the booklet, the Society has acquired the ownership of the New Palace Pier, St. Leonards. That is, according to the brochure, the Society's chief present asset.

It is valued—according to the Society—at no less than £75,000. The valuation is that of an engineer. His estimate is the value of the pier "as a construction." No indication is given of its value as a commercial enterprise.

Now, the late history of the St. Leonards Pier is interesting. It was sold some years ago at the knock-down price of a few thousand pounds.

Principals behind the scene of this deal were two brothers of the name of David and Philip Lannon (formerly known as Davidoff and Pincus Gershgorn), who had an unenviable reputation both as moneylenders and company operators.

* * *

Lessee and manager of the pier was a Mr. Arthur Collins—former name Arthur Cohen. This same Arthur Collins is the managing director of the new St. Leonards and Hastings Property Society, Ltd.

After the Lannons and Collins secured the pier much was done to popularise and improve it as a centre of seaside amusement.

Regarding the St. Leonards and Hastings Property Society—which makes such an alluring offer of safe investment—it was registered, about two months ago, under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, with a share capital of £3,000. The Society has power to raise or borrow funds *up to a total of* £1,000,000.

* * *

In the literature issued by the Society no information is given as to the price paid for the pier. Neither are prospective investors given details of the "undeniable security" which will protect their savings.

Because the society is registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, it should not be assumed the venture is anything other than an ordinary commercial concern.

Monstrous Conviction of Innocent Man

THE extraordinary ease with which, even to-day, a completely innocent person may be convicted and sent to prison is illustrated in a remarkable case from Wembley, Middlesex, which JOHN BULL began to investigate as soon as the victim of it was put in jail.

It concerns a young man named Ernest Brown, a decorator, of Turton Road, Wembley, who was released from Wormwood Scrubs prison after serving eleven days of a two-months' sentence on a charge of motor-car stealing.

The sentence on Brown has now been quashed on appeal at the Middlesex Sessions without the slightest difficulty being raised by the prosecution, and he has been honourably and fully acquitted.

But the case should not rest there.

The circumstances in which this youth, who has a spotless record and is a member of a family respected in the district for generations, came to be branded are really astonishing.

Brown had a few days' holiday and wished to spend it on motor-car excursions. He was recommended to hire a car from a man who has for long been known in the neighbourhood as an agent for a relative who owns a garage.

Quite innocently, Brown entered into negotiations with him for the use of a car for a few days and paid him a deposit and the hiring fee for one.

His holiday ended, Brown took the car back to the man, but found that he had disappeared.

Enquiries revealed that the police were in pursuit of him for stealing a number of motor-cars.

Acting openly and honestly, Brown drove the hired car to the police station and made a statement regarding the circumstances in which it had been temporarily in his possession.

* * *

When the police examined the car they identified it as another one which had been stolen.

A few days later the police succeeded in capturing the wanted man. He made a full confession of his thefts and, in the course of it, stated definitely that Brown had no knowledge that the car which he had hired was a stolen one.

Yet Brown, too, was arrested and charged with being concerned in the theft of the car in which he had spent his brief holiday.

It might be thought that the terrible mistake which had been made would have been obvious to the magistrates who heard the charge against Brown. Such, however, was not the case.

There was not the slightest evidence that he was a party to the theft of the car or that he knew it had been stolen. The only evidence, in fact, was that he had hired and paid for the use of it in good faith, and that as soon as he learned that the supposed owner of it had vanished and was being sought for, he promptly took the car to the police.

Nevertheless, Brown was found guilty and sentenced to two months' imprisonment!

* * *

He would still have been in prison to-day but for the fact that members of his family, by selling some of their possessions and obtaining help from friends, were able to find the money necessary for the costs of an appeal.

This could not be done, however, until Brown had served eleven days of his sentence, when he was released pending the hearing of the appeal.

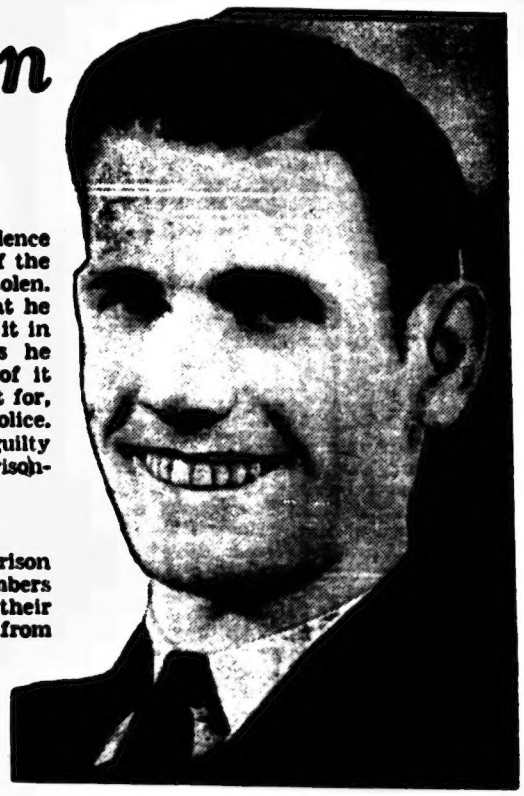
And when the appeal did take place the other day the prosecuting authorities, themselves, were so convinced that a serious blunder had been committed that they did not press the case, and, after a few minutes of formal proceedings, Brown was acquitted.

The awful part of it all is that, if this young man's family had not been able to scrape together the money to finance the appeal, he would have had to undergo the full two months' sentence and would have stood for the rest of his life as a convicted thief.

The appeal bench, in the circumstances, saw fit to award Brown ten guineas costs against the police. But that is not enough. This covers only a small part of the expense to which he and his family have been put to establish his innocence.

Moreover, the young man has lost his employment and, above all, he has had to endure eleven days' imprisonment.

For that he should unquestionably be compensated. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Home Secretary will, in this manner, generously recognise the appalling mistake which was made and which so nearly endangered an innocent man's reputation for ever.



Mr. Ernest Brown would have been branded for life if money had not been found to prove his innocence

New Swindle

A NEW technique in swindling small investors has been developed by F. B. Sandley, alleged broker, of London Wall, E.C.

Sandley looks out for the names of shareholders in reputable companies who die. Then he broadcasts hand-written letters to prospective victims, informing them that he is acting for the executors of the deceased in the sale of shares which, for private reasons, the widows or relatives do not wish to offer to the directors or other shareholders of the companies concerned or to place on the market.

He is authorised, of course, to sell the stock at well below its true value.

Those who snap up Sandley's "bargains" are required to pay on receipt of supposed contract notes—and from that moment their money is lost.

Sandley, when pressed for delivery of the shares purchased, invents excuses about hitches having occurred in the winding-up of the dead persons' estates. Afterwards he becomes silent and defies every effort to make contact with him.

CANDID COMMUNICATION

Draining Mother's Purse

Landlords' Disgusting Profiteering—This Modern Barbarism—Count Council Tyrants

Beware the fury of the angry housewife!

DEAR OLIVER STANLEY,—The astonishing increase in the cost of living is providing a serious problem for the poorer-paid workers and is one in which you, as President of the Board of Trade, must play your part in finding a solution.

Debates about the cost of living index figure and the healthy development in commodity prices might provide "plenty of meat" for Parliamentarians and political economists. They bring no consolation to millions of housewives who find their money unable to keep up with the rapid rise in the price of necessities.

Official figures show, by comparison with 1914 levels, that food prices have increased by 40 per cent.; rent and rates 50 per cent.; clothing 105 per cent., and boots 95 per cent.

* * *

In face of these figures, and the fact that in the past four years the cost of living has risen by five times the increase in wages, it seems idle to claim that better wages and employment compensate for these increases.

If those in employment are finding it difficult to make ends meet, and many of them are, how much more serious is the plight of the unemployed and those who have to rub along on pensions as small as 10s. a week!

What is more, I can see no determined effort being made to relieve them.

* * *

Indeed, I have my suspicions that the Government's latest scheme to enquire into 20,000 family budgets may turn out to be nothing more than a wangle designed to prove that the cost of living is all right—and that it is demands for increased wages that are all wrong!

For if the Board of Trade can revise the basis of computation so as to bring the index figure down, then millions of workers whose wages are governed by a sliding scale will have to face cuts. Others will have increases that were due postponed.

The plain truth is that no amount of juggling with the index figure will distract public attention from the fact that the Government's policy of tariffs and quotas is largely responsible for the increasing drain of the housewife's purse.

If prompt steps are not taken to ease it, either by lowering prices or increasing wages, then the Government will sample the fury of women who have to pay through the nose for food which ought to be good, plentiful, and cheap.—JOHN BULL.

Lord STRABOLGI: Rather agree building battleships much like women's fashions—particularly the "waste."—JOHN BULL.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW,
Child Film Star

DEAR FREDDIE,—From a statement made by your guardian, Aunty Millicent, I learn you have "nothing left" out of your £30 a day salary.

She is threatening to bring you back to England because under a new contract they only offer you £400 a week.

Well, well! But don't worry Freddie; if you come back you'll find droves of schoolboys here who'll show you how to make glorious whoopee on an occasional "tanner."—JOHN BULL.

EDDIE PAYNTER (Lancs Cricket Club): — Congrats. Bet your record innings of 322 runs brought sunshine to Hove.—JOHN BULL.

Ald. AGER,
Birmingham City Council

DEAR ALDERMAN,—That decontrolled houses are being purchased wholesale in your city and their occupants virtually thrown upon the streets angers me as much as it does you.

It disgusts me also to learn that owners are profiteering so outrageously at the expense of their unfortunate and powerless tenants that one family has had to starve itself to pay 18s. 6d. a week for a house let at 8s. previously.

By all means make good your determination to "thrash the unscrupulous landlord"—and more power to your elbow!—JOHN BULL.

Ald. H. BILLINGTON,
Mayor of Ilford, Essex

DEAR MR MAYOR, — Beer-drinking from babies' bottles was to have been a contest at a Seven Kings dance—until you stepped in and stopped the stunt.

You did quite rightly. There's a big difference between healthy fun and stupid exhibitions such as this. I'm very glad you had the good sense to see it.—JOHN BULL.

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY,
Chairman, Dorset County Council

MY LORD,—The law of this land does not allow punishment twice for the same offence. Since when were county councillors given power to exert such outrageous tyranny?

The action of your council in putting on half-pay for three months one of your officials who was fined for driving his car under the influence of drink leaves me aghast.

Two blacks do not make a white. The extra penalty imposed on this official must be quashed.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. C. HEADLAM,
Bishop of Gloucester

DEAR BISHOP,—I appreciate the feelings about war 'planes which make you believe that ancient barbarism was a mere detail compared to the modern methods of "civilisation."

To be sure, aeroplanes were meant to be of service to the nations, and it is a sad reflection upon modern wisdom when it is necessary to devote millions of pounds to flying engines of destruction.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. V. S. E. DAVIS, Headmaster, Edmonton, N.:—No need fear generation of "jellyfish" if Exchequer is stung for few beefsteaks for hungry.—JOHN BULL.

Lord MILNE,
Field-Marshal

MY LORD,—There is not a young man worth his salt who does not feel under a deep debt of gratitude to the "old sweats" of 1914-and-after who gave their services and their lives to defend our common heritage.

I support your plea that the young men should help to look after the old soldiers, although this wouldn't be necessary if a grateful country provided them with their due.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. MAITLAND RADFORD,
M.O.H. for St. Pancras

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for drawing attention to the weakness in the system of registering foster-mothers.

Due to the existing lax regulations sometimes undesirable women are being put in charge of children, and baby-farming is made easier.

At present 20,000 children are placed with foster-mothers who do not even notify the authorities until a child has actually come into their possession.

I agree with you that foster-mothers should be compelled to register to enable enquiries into their character and suitability to be entrusted with the care of young lives.—JOHN BULL.

Captain PEAKE,
M.P. for Leeds North

DEAR CAPTAIN,—Please accept a feather for your cap! You—a coalowner—nearly shocked the life out of some of your Tory colleagues by advocating holidays with pay.

I wonder how many of them realise that they, as M.P.s, are now enjoying a twelve weeks' holiday *with pay*.

Why, even the committee set up to consider this much-needed reform will not meet again until October 5, so that members can enjoy a rest from their labours!—JOHN BULL.

The VISITING COMMITTEE,
Powick Mental Hospital, Worcs

GENTLEMEN,—The staff at the County Mental Hospital claim that their working conditions make them practically prisoners, and it has been suggested that they might as well be at Dartmoor.

Yet you refuse to meet a deputation from the staff—or even from the council. What are you afraid of? Is it providing more proof, as Mr. Swaffer suggests on page 17, that the entire mental system needs overhauling?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. J. LEVITT:—You might persuade Britons eat your American doughnuts but that won't make "Doughboys" of British dog breed.—JOHN BULL.

Our Very Special Investigator Reports

Girls will be Girls

THOUGH Gertie cannot spell
Or read or write too well,
She must not be despised or underrated;
For her lipstick she can use
Like an expert, and her views
On the latest films are always clearly stated,
While her way of wearing hose
Very definitely shows
She's a girl who's been most carefully educated!

School is not what it was when we were girls (assuming, of course, we ever were), and it is even less what it is going to be when the New Spirit gets fairly to work.

* * *

Said spirit was unbottled at a Youth Congress at Southampton by Miss S. E. Davies, a former Board of Education inspector, when she urged that "school should be as much like a club as possible."

"Don't be afraid to tell a girl that she's pretty. Teach her how to dress attractively, and do not think she's vain because she uses lipstick. Tell her where to get cheap silk stockings and how to improve her hair. Discuss good films with her and offer to go along to the pictures with her."

These are just a few tips to help hopeful Gertie to "become a companion to her future husband or her boy friend." And Miss Davies assures us that they are "all part of education."

Which only goes to show how things have changed since our young days, does it not, Mrs. Arbuckle? Serviceable woollen stockings were what we wore, and we would as soon have thought of painting our lips as of putting shrimps down the headmistress's camisole.

All a part of education

In those days the capitals of Europe and the principal rivers of Africa was the kind of knowledge thought suitable for a modest girl. But nowadays a damsel studying her geography is apt to have the book confiscated and be told by her teacher: "For goodness' sake, Angelique, stop poring over that trash and go and put some colour on your lips!"

It is wrong to think that because Miss Abercrombie has reached the sunless age of forty and is rather flat in the face she is incapable of sharing with her pupils a girlish interest in Ronald Colman. Believe me, she's been mad about the boy for years and years—and then some!

* * *

There is much to be said for encouraging this "get together" spirit, not only as between schoolmistresses and their pupils, but between others in authority and those who have to submit to it. Shops and offices would be better and brighter if only bosses would encourage the idea that "We're all chaps together."

But a Very Special Investigation conducted with a view to discovering if the New Spirit has permeated to the City does not inspire optimism. A junior clerk who tried to get chummy with the boss by asking him what make of hair restorer he favoured and what were his reactions to Mae West, is now wondering whether a capital of 37s. 9d. is enough upon which to start a chicken farm.

Quite obviously the City has not yet attained to that degree of *esprit de corps* that Miss Davies is out to establish among wearers of the Old School brassiere.

Y Z

When JUSTICE GOES CRAZY

WHEN a Recorder was confronted with the life-story of a criminal in the North of England a few months ago, he found that the accused man had gone to prison for three years for begging when he was eleven years old. He said that the sentence would be impossible in the present state of civilisation.

I have practised at the Bar now for many years, and I wonder. The records of those old cases are before me now. Most people would think them impossible in the present state of civilisation.

Not at all: they all took place before benches of magistrates, those Justices of the Peace of whom one who practised for many years in their courts has just written that they are probably worse now than at any time during the past four hundred years.

These courts inflict eight of every nine sentences of imprisonment that are passed every year. And since the war they have doubled the number of people sent to prison for not paying their dues under maintenance and affiliation orders, while over the same period the County Courts have halved the number of prison sentences for not paying judgment debts. A few cases stand out from those that I spread before me as I write.

For sleeping out-of-doors with no visible means of support a man in Cheshire was sent to prison for three months. A Sussex bench imposed a three months' sentence on a man who stole a half-crown packet of cigarettes. In Surrey, two months in jail punished the theft of a half-pint of milk.

For dashing a cat to death against a wall the penalty was a shilling fine, but for stealing two loaves when out of work it was two months' hard labour.

A Lancashire bench thinks three years Borstal fit punishment for stealing three bananas; another bench imposed forty-four days' hard labour on a boy of fourteen for taking one shillingsworth of stamps.

In Kent, you can get two months' hard labour for taking ten shillingsworth of apples; yet in Wiltshire a conviction for driving to the public danger (two women lost their lives as a result) only involves a £20 fine and suspension of licence for six months.

It is perhaps fair to add that a London chauffeur who drove round the trees on the Embankment to turn, and injured nobody, had his licence suspended for twice as long.

In Staffordshire, a woman goes to prison for six months after stealing goods worth sixpence. But in Yorkshire a fine of one guinea was inflicted on a man who broke a boy's arm because he wore the colours of a rival party at an election.

It is, of course, not always possible to judge a particular sentence without knowing anything of the victim's past record: but a sixteen-year-old youth who had just been sentenced to two months' hard labour for breaking windows in an empty quarry building in Wales had no previous convictions recorded against him.

In a single year, 196 young girls between seventeen and twenty-one were sent to Holloway Prison for a first offence. Sometimes the result of these things is disclosed when a hardened criminal comes up in court. There was one the other day; he was seventy-two and had spent thirty-nine years of his life in prison.

The judge remembered that if he had not been given a seven years' sentence for shoplifting at eighteen, all this might never have happened.

Whether such cases are the rule or the exception, they are much too frequent to be tolerated any longer.

They reflect the outlook of an age that is not the age we live in; an age which considered any offence against property so unpardonable that it condemned a woman to be burned alive for stealing shoe buttons; but that was so impervious to human suffering that it could leave innocent people to die of jail-fever when they could not pay a turnkey's fees.

Many of the men who sit on the bench to-day are not only mentally at the beginning of the last century, they are physically a respectable way back to it.

The ninety-eight-year-old chairman of a Dorsetshire bench may be an exception. But a retiring chairman and vice-chairman in the West Country were aged, respectively, eighty-one and ninety-two, and the colleague who expressed regrets was eighty-eight. On one borough bench there is a J.P. well over seventy, and three well over eighty.

Half the Scottish bench were described by one of their number as moribund.

A certain mayor has had to complain that when presiding on the bench some of his colleagues must be bawled at to hear a word that transpires. Quite rightly he believes that although Justice must be blind, it is a great drawback when it is deaf as well.

A chairman who objected to the appointment of magistrates under forty because there would, in that case, be too long a delay in providing vacancies to reward services rendered to his party, sits on a bench of nine members, only one of whom is less than sixty.

Yet, when a Home Office circular, stimulated by the continued outcry against the age of justices, made tactful suggestions of resignation, only nineteen justices out of 30,000 thought themselves too old to go on sitting, and only 222 could be got to resign for any reason whatever.

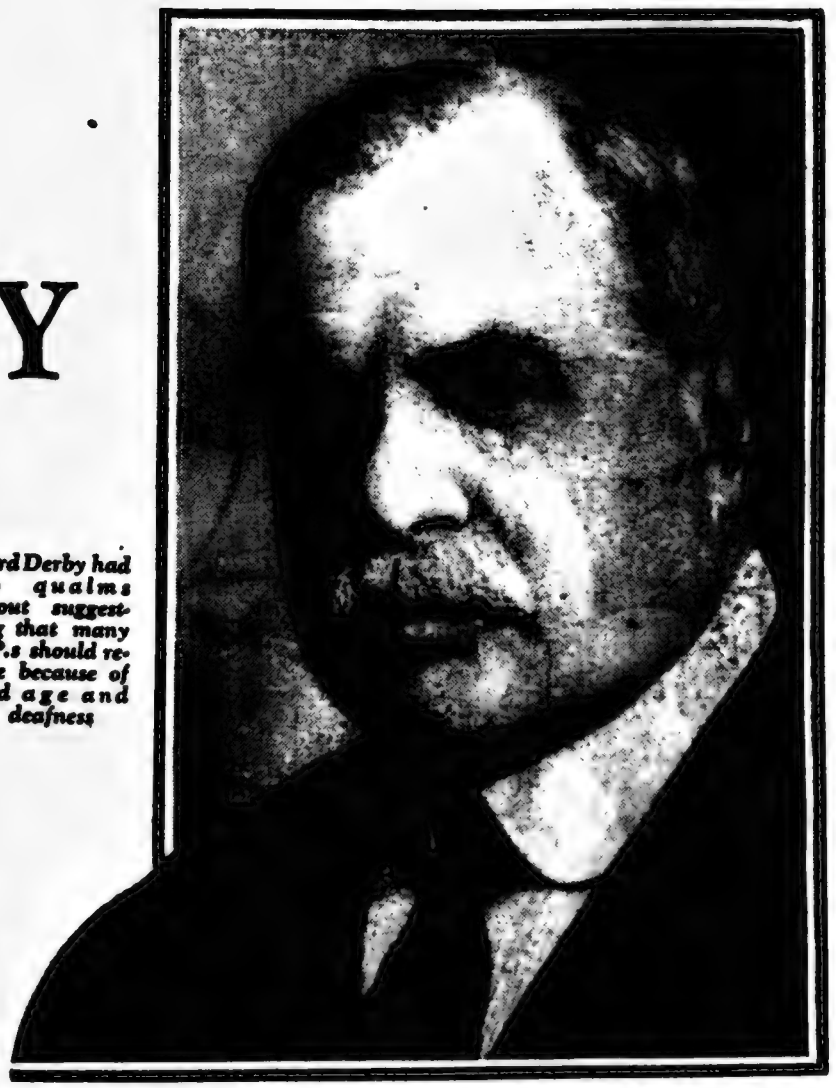
Yet there are over 7,000 who never attend the bench at all.

There are quite a number of reasons for thinking it undesirable that our lives and conduct should be regulated by the generation of our grandparents.

It might be said that people who were in their prime at the time of Disraeli's Ministry can hardly, for instance, judge the speed within which a motor-car can pull up; that men educated to worship property as the foundation of all things cannot judge the mind of a generation consciously or unconsciously influenced in its outlook by the fact that in two-thirds of Europe property has ceased to exist.

Furthermore, old age almost always tends to become intolerant, crusted and cruel. There are sympathetic septuagenarians, of course, and some of them are magistrates, but they are exceptions. When will it be admitted that a man becomes too old to be a magistrate when he becomes too old to be a juror? That is, at the age of sixty.

But all these reasons are weak compared to the great fact that between those whose views were formed before the Great War and those who grew to maturity in or after it, there is a wider diversity and a smaller degree of sympathy than there is between the pre-war world and the world of Waterloo.



Lord Derby had no qualms about suggesting that many J.P.s should retire because of old age and deafness

There was much that would pass for justice at the accession of George V. that would have satisfied the age of George IV. There is very little that would have satisfied men at the accession of George V. which even Conservatives will tolerate in the age of George VI.

But these magistrates are not only old men. They are not by any means always the best old men. Nor, incidentally, are the old J.P.s always the worst ones. In the remoter counties the old-fashioned squire generally administers a justice that, if it is not always sympathetic, is generally conscientious and impartial.

These men, survivals of the generation of justices whose social position raised them so far above their neighbours, could afford to be impartial and showed a sturdy independence when it came to blind acceptance of police evidence.

And they did not demonstrate that childish reliance on the clerk to the justices so evident in the police courts to-day.

The modern magistrate is no longer appointed for his social position. That would be a good thing if he were not appointed for something still less conducive to impartiality—his party record.

Our modern J.P.s are often party men, the local politicians who were most active on one side or the other in the last election, and whichever of the three parties it may have been, they are equally bad.

Party politics is the worst training for a balanced outlook, and local political bodies are the worst people to recommend men for their real merit.

The J.P. far too often assumes his new dignity without having grasped the elementary principle that in this country a prisoner is innocent till he has been proved guilty. Anybody who has been in a police court will judge how far that attitude prevails towards the man in the dock.

So completely ignorant of life are many of the J.P.s administering justice that there are probably worse crimes committed every year when they pass sentence on those brought before them than by the men who stand in the dock.

If half the 30,000 justices in this country, or rather if half the 23,000 who attend to their duties, are competent to try their fellow-men, it must be a fortunate coincidence when you consider how they are selected for the honour of sitting in justice on their fellow men.

They are appointed for life without any legal training and with no qualification other than the recommendation of their local Constitutional Association, the local Labour Party or the local Liberals for their party fervour or their attachment to a political machine.

In spite of all this, half the justices on the bench to-day are probably fully fitted to do their work, and it is surprising to reflect how many conscientious and fair-minded benches are left in the country.

This fact is a proof that the system of taking unpaid magistrates from the ranks of everyday life is not in itself a bad one.

Most lawyers and a vast majority of laymen would be sorry to see them replaced by paid officials. But they should be chosen for their services to the community, not for their party record, and a retiring age of sixty should be general.

Exceptions could be made by the Lord Chancellor at the request of the J.P.s on any particular bench.

Clerks to the justices should not be local solicitors practising in the district and exposed to the temptation of trying to keep in with the police or fearful of offending a big local interest.

If J.P.s should always be amateurs, their clerks, being advisory experts, ought to be professional whole-time workers; solicitors or barristers appointed by the Home Office and transferred from district to district every few years.

To meet the increased cost there would have to be fewer benches and fewer justices.

Even if the reform were to cost the country, say, the price of a single battle-cruiser, it would be a cheap price to pay to rid Britain of the petty injustice that goes on every day and the great and growing resentment it arouses. E. C.

When our ship has come home

The ship you see on each packet of "Senior Service" is symbolical. It started on a voyage, the end of which no one could foretell. No one knew how the public would take to a cigarette blended from 11 different varieties of vintage tobaccos. But the people who sailed the ship were confident of success, and nothing was left to chance. That they were right is now history, as their ship has come home on the tide of success, the sales of "Senior Service" having increased seventy times.

★ ***Added Attraction. In each 6d. packet there is a real photograph—complete with its own interesting story—from a magnificent series. There are two in the 1/- size.***

SENIOR SERVICE

10 for 6d.
20 for 1/-

Sinister Ramp against BEREAVED

Almost before the wreckage has been cleared away the ambulance-chasers are out on their ghoulish errand

By A. G. Gardiner

A CASE which was heard in a provincial bankruptcy court a few days ago sheds a flood of light on a great and growing "racket" which has ...g up in the last few years.

...e case was that of a man in a ... way of business who recently ...red injuries by being struck by a ...

... took no action himself, but a week ... afterwards he was called on by a ...per of a firm of legal aid advisers, ... assured him that he had a case ... damages, that his firm had had ... success in its claims, and who ...d him to sign a document authoris... it to act for him.

...e terms were those im...alled by "Dodson and ..." No win, no pay; but 10 ...cent. of the proceeds in the ...t of a victory.

...e man signed. He was ...ng unwell from the shock ...he time and fell into the ...

...esult: the case went into ...t. Contributory negligence ... proved. The verdict went ...inst him. He was faced ...h a large bill of costs which ...ould not pay. His business ... ruined and he went into bankruptcy. ...n his own words at the court, "the ...ulance-chasers got me. They catch ... like that and you sign things when ...are not very well."

...am not going to waste any sym...hy on him, and if this were an ...ated case I should not refer to it. ...t it is not an isolated case. It is ...ical of thousands.

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... illustrates a vast new "industry" ... is spreading its tentacles far ... wide, preying upon the ignorant, ...ating justice, even, as there is ...idence to show, corrupting the police. ...his is not an overstatement, as is ...wed by the fact that when one of ...se "legal aid" societies went out of ...siness recently, owing to the death ...the proprietor, there were found on ... proprietor's desk over 2,000 cases ...iting settlement.

...The bulk of them were the result of ...iting," and out of this squalid traffic ... proprietor had been making a large ...ome.

...Two men were dismissed recently from ...land Yard, where they were em...yed in filing and reporting on acci... cases. These men confessed that ...r a long period they had been meet... "dummies" of promoters of dif...ent "legal aid societies" and passing ...to them information as to accidents, ...ere they had happened, where the ...ured persons were to be found, and ...on.

...In some cases even the reports of ...ers on duty at the scene of the acci...s had been summarised and handed ...r.

...The competition in this foul business ...fierce. In the House of Commons ...ently Mr. R. Morrison, M.P. for ...renham, directed attention to a case ...his own constituency.

...Within a few hours of an accident to a ...all boy, he said, no fewer than four ...mbulance-chasers," representing four ...ferent "legal aid societies" called ...olicited and urged the parents to take ...the case on a commission basis.

...Hardly a week passes without some ...ble exposure of the racket. In one ...e which occurred not long ago a ...oner said that within a few hours of a bad road crash accident, which ended fatally, a representative of a firm of legal aid advisers called upon the nearest relative and induced her to sign a form giving the firm a retainer to act in the matter.

"A wicked practice," said the coroner. The firm is question, like so many of its kind, deals with something like a dozen claims a day, most of its clients being the result of "ambulance chasing" tactics.

And another coroner, Mr. Arthur Lett, of South Oxfordshire, has thrown a light on the cunning with which the ramp is worked.

He referred to a case in which the "legal aid" firm concerned settled a claim for £1,000, the recipient, apart from costs and commissions, having to pay an intermediary £100.

Another case illustrates this phase of the racket. A Manchester barrister turned up at certain inquest proceedings and said that he had been instructed to appear on behalf of the relatives.

A man in court said that this was not so, and, after he had made a few enquiries into the matter, the barrister withdrew from the proceedings.

Later it was discovered that the deceased person, before she died, had been visited by a firm of assessors and had been urged to instruct them to watch her interests.

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The working of the racket may be exemplified by the case of one of the most successful of the practitioners. He never uses his own name, but trades in the names or aliases of employees and runners.

He has been operating these agencies for years and is at present actively associated with a round dozen. He is assisted by one or two solicitors who have been struck off the rolls, and by clever solicitors' clerks.

He employs a dozen touts, who are paid a small salary and a cash payment on every successful claim they bring in.

The devices of "chasing" are many and audacious, including visits to hospitals in the guise of relatives or friends to secure the signature which sets the machinery in action.

Sometimes the racketeer issues a writ in the High Court, but generally he relies on securing a settlement out of court. His scale on a £100 case is: £10 for the tout, £30 legal and office fees, £60 for the victim (less the tout's additional 10 per cent., which he shares).

This proportion is preserved in higher claims. Where the client is easy game he gets more, and when the claim fails he tries to get costs, in spite of the Dodson and Fogg maxim.

Thousands of people are paying out these exorbitant costs in cases where damages are secured, and others are finding themselves faced with disastrous legal expenses in cases which have failed.

How is this monstrous racket to be stopped?

The remedy plainly rests, first, with the public.

That is why I am writing this article. The more light that can be thrown on the traffic the less the public will be plundered.

No one should have any dealings with these harpies. Above all, no signature should be put to any document presented by them.

If you have a case, go to a reputable lawyer. He will not inveigle you into an action "on spec." or plunder you if it comes off.

But this is not enough. There will always be fools just as there will always be rogues to prey on them, and it is the business of society to protect the fools and defeat the rogues.

The Law Society has done what it can in the matter. It has tightened up its rules relating to solicitors acting in insurance claims concerning accidents, and any solicitor proved to be working in collusion with touts will henceforth be struck off the rolls.

And a recent case in the courts shows how alive the judicial Bench is to any doubtful practice on the part of the profession.

But again this is not enough. The "ambulance chaser" racketeers are outside the law.

They are dangerous quacks, who rely on the blacksheep of the law to keep them out of legal bounds and to help them to rook the innocent and foolish.

They must be dealt with by extra-professional means. All accident touting should be forbidden. No commission or costs should be permitted in any case. Traffic in the business should be made a punishable offence.

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If a case like that of the poor bankrupt mentioned at the beginning of this article were promptly and automatically followed by prosecution of the touts concerned the whole scandalous business would be blown on.

It would be too dangerous to touch. The life of America has become honeycombed with this sort of racketeering.

Let us see it gets no foothold here. Let us deal with the "ambulance-chasers" as we have dealt with the fire-raisers.

I cannot, of course, condemn outright the methods of all assessors who deal in accident cases. There are, no doubt, some who give good service to clients at non-exorbitant terms. But they are few in number. If they are "ambulance-chasers" they should be avoided at all costs.

★ Politics and You ★

Bigger Pensions for All

A PENSION of £1 a week for a single man or woman at sixty-five: 35s. a week for a married couple when the husband is sixty-five and the wife fifty-five or over!

These are among the far-reaching proposals for improving State pensions for the aged, widows and orphans to be presented to the forthcoming conference of the Labour Party which meets at Bournemouth in October.

They are likely to be accepted, for the National Executive Committee which puts them forward has been working on the details for many months. Once they are accepted by the delegates they will become the official policy of the Party and will be placed on the Statute Book next time Labour forms the Government.

The allowances for widows' children are to be increased to 7s. 6d. for the first child and 5s. for every other.

Widows themselves, who at present lose their pension when their children leave school, are to continue to receive it. The allowance for orphans is also to be raised to 10s. a week.

It is likewise proposed that all unemployed persons between sixty and sixty-five, who are unlikely to get work again, should be taken off unemployment assistance relief and given pensions.

A novel feature of the proposals is that those who wish it should be allowed to use their savings, or part of them, either to qualify earlier than sixty-five or to increase their pension (in units bringing in 2s. 6d. each).

And because under a State scheme there are no shareholders for whom profits have to be earned and very small overhead charges, such additional benefits could be given at a comparatively small cost to contributors.

* * *

The Committee stresses the fact that the proposals it makes are not all it would like them to be. They are, however, such as are, in the Committee's view, practical and within the capacity of the Exchequer to bear.

A pension for all at £1 a week at sixty will no doubt come eventually. Its cost now would be about £237,000,000 a year, apart altogether from provision for widows and orphans.

At present, apparently, battleships and bombing planes come first.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Bell Tablecloths Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue and guide.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

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MEN'S SOCKS. 2/6 doz.; Ladies' Extra Fine "COURTAULD'S" Hose, 5/11 doz. Everything for the Draper. Lowest Trade prices. Catalogues free ARCHERS CASTLE GATE NOTTINGHAM.

FREE ILLUS PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS. Dept. A., 29, Houndsditch, LONDON E.3.

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EASIEST CLUB AGENCY in the Country! Only six members and no goods over 6/-. Organisers soon have big number of clubs. Quality goods give every satisfaction in Clothing, Footwear, Household Goods, Furnishings, at 3/- and 6/-. Commission every six weeks. Send p.c. now for latest catalogue and all particulars.—Geo. Day, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester, 1.

AGENTS wanted. Eatonian Xmas Club. Free Gift Every Agent. Highest comm. No outlay. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Cigarettes, Toys, etc. Send p.c. for Huge Art Catalogue and Partics.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. 58), Eatonian Hse., Leeds, 12.

WANTED in every town, Persons to form Christmas Clubs. No previous experience required. Largest Cash Commission, also valuable gifts to all. Useful presents value £4 4s. to Agents selling £25 worth of goods. Send postcard for beautiful illustrated Coloured Catalogue containing nearly 1,000 lines. Don't delay, send to-day DENNIS & CO. (Dept. 26) Colne, Lancs.

AGENTS wanted for easiest and simplest Xmas Club. Big Cash Profits. Free Gifts. Huge Coloured Art Catalogue of Chocolates, Toys, Fancy Goods, Wines, etc. No outlay. Start earning right away. Free outfit and particulars from Shield Xmas Club (Dept. 14), Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS. HIGHEST COMMISSION IN TRADE. Cadbury, Terry, Rowntree, Players, Wills, etc. Huge range Toys, Fancy Goods, XMAS GIFT every Agent. BIG CASH BONUS. P.c. brings Wonderful Catlg. and Comm. Terms. MIDLAND CONFECTIONERY (Dept. 43), Shipley.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Highest Comm. A Square Deal Guaranteed.—Write for 236-page Cat. Terms. Free Gifts. Humberside Supply Co., Ltd (Dept 40), Wright Street, Hull.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Gift Every Agent. Huge Catalogue Chocs., Cigs., Everything. Largest Cash Comm. Satis. guid. Gift NOW every Inquiry.—EMBASSY, Dept. 14, Brighouse.

XMAS CLUBS. Spare-time Agents wanted for Oldest Largest and Best Club. Write for Giant Art Catlg. and full particulars. No outlay. Excellent Commission. Free Gift to All Applicants.—Samuel Driver, Ltd., Burton Rd., Leeds.

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AGENTS WANTED to form Chocolate Clubs. Best makes only. Apply for art catalogue.—FIRTH'S CLUB, 112, Vicar Lane, Leeds.

A BALMORAL SAMPLE BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. REMARKABLE NOVELTIES AND CARDS OF EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY FOR ALL TASTES. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND PRIZES.—WRITE, STEWARTS, Dept. A., BALMORAL WORKS, BLACKBURN.

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AN AMAZING FREE BOOK for ambitious Agents. SPECIAL 1937 issue of the FAMOUS "VICTORIA" Series Private Christmas Cards containing LOVELY COPYRIGHT PHOTO OF THE QUEEN and PRINCESSES, FANCY FOLDING CARDS, DAILY NOTE DIARY, BLOTTER, BEAUTIFUL CALENDARS, RELIGIOUS CARDS, CHARMING FEATHERED BIRD CALENDAR, and OTHER NOVELTIES. Book Free, carr. pd. To secure HIGHEST COMMISSION and COSTLIEST PRIZES, deal DIRECT with Britain's ACTUAL LARGEST MANUFACTURERS.—JONES, WILLIAMS & Co., Dept. 43, VICTORIA WORKS, PRESTON.

EMPLOYMENT.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 19-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 837), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal course will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. E.39, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

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POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1937 (FREE).—Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) to apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet. Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

AERATED BREAD CO., LTD., require Waitresses (full-time); also Kitchen Hands (women), City and West End; food provided.—Apply, 9.30-5 p.m. (Sats. excepted), at 17, Camden Rd., N.W.1, & 19, The Broadway, Stratford; also at 58, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1 (Piccadilly end), weekdays 9.30-5 (Sats. 9.30-12.30).

TELEPHONY, RADIO AND MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free, Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING (for all trades), Catalogues, Magazines, Dup. Books, Billheads & Commercial stationery. Samples 2d. Mead's (80), Sandy, Beds.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Trading? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for Shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

She's listening to *CRISPNESS*

Listen to the fairy song of health—the merry chorus sung by Kellogg's Rice Krispies as they merrily "snap, crackle, pop" in a bowl of cold milk!

If you've never heard a food talking—well now's the chance. Serve Rice Krispies, pour on cold milk or cream, and listen! Off they go—snapping and popping away in their crispness.

Kiddies love these frisky little bubbles of pure, toasted rice. Grown-ups like them too! They're so delicious and good to eat. So easily digested and full of nourishment. And with a little fruit they're a real treat.

Get a packet of Kellogg's Rice Krispies from your grocer to-day. No cooking. 7½d per packet.

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

So Crisp They Crackle in Cream

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted as TEACHERS OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE.—Dept. E.39, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES (both sexes—no experience). For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, age limits, salaries, etc., apply P.T.I. (Dept. 831) 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS AT REDUCED BARGAIN PRICES. PATTERNS POST FREE.—BRUCE & HALL, DEPT. J.B., SOUTH SHIELDS.

HOLIDAY Snaps. Halve the cost of photography by using the Jerome Spool. Eight exposures for 6d. and developed free. The advert. of Jerome Ltd., on page 3 fully explains this service.

FREE to Cyclists! A Guinea Dynamo Lighting Set. This special offer to *John Bull* readers is made by the well-known house of Edwd. O'Brien, Ltd., to introduce their popular values in the latest 1937 Cycles. See advt. on p. 2.

TAKE a Lesson from country folk—the Scythe is best for cutting grass. Easy to use and quicker than shears. Send for a Garden Scythe to-day. (See illus. advt. in *John Bull's* "Shop Window," page 31).

BINOCULARS, by world's famous makers, on easiest terms from 2/- deposit. Get a pair for your holidays. (See advt. of Messrs. Davis & Co. on page 2.).

SAVE MONEY on Floor-covering. Long-wearing Parchum costs only 1lb/- for 90 sq. ft., in roll 2 yds. wide. Send for free samples. Parchum is Waterproof, Rotproof, Sanitary, Stainless and easily cleaned. Lists free without asking.—Write NOW for samples.—J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., LONDON, S.E.17.

FREE.—A beautifully illustrated catalogue of watches and clocks. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Ingersoll, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.21), 223, St. John's, London, E.C.1. For over 40 years Ingersoll has maintained a world reputation for dependability, accuracy and sterling value.

FOR free catalogues of Drapery, fine furnishings, and full particulars of their famous Pay-Way terms, fill in the coupon on page 31.

GET a copy of Benson's Watch, Jewellery Catalogue, etc. Write, mentioning John Bull, to J. W. Benson, Ltd., 62-64 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

£ S. D. of EGGS. — Make big money by following the expert advice given in "The Feathered World Year Book," packed with information—over 300 pages and 20 illustrations in photogravure. To obtain this great work, send 2/6 to "The Feathered World" (Dept. J.B.3), 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2.

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS. Drums and Accessories, Trumpets, Guitars. P.C. brings illustrated 60-pg. cat. free. Easiest Terms. Part Exchanges. J. E. Raymond Co., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

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MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. NEW REDUCED PRICES. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Catalogues free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD., (1936), 69, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2; (1936), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester 1.

DEAF? Then try the new model Amplivox, sent on 30 days' Free Trial. See advertisement of Messrs. D. and J. Hill, Ltd., on page 2.

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet. See p. 28.

FREE to sufferers from Leg and Circulatory Troubles! Sample of ELASTO and copy of a special free booklet. Fill in coupon on the back cover.

FREE to indigestion sufferers, pocket (or handbag) sample of MOORLAND indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. E. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawden, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, PIONEER SALES, 18, CHRISTCHURCH Rd., WINCHESTER.

WOMEN! Never have a shiny nose! Always look fresh by keeping your skin matt and lovely with Snowdrift powder-cream. See page 22.

WHEN you're faced with cold suppers make them more popular by putting Pan-yan on the table. See page 24.

KIDDIES love the frisky little bubbles of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Grown-ups like them, too and with a little fruit they're a real treat. No cooking. 7½d. per packet. See display advertisement centre of this page.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon on page 31 filled in with your name and address.

ACCEPT this free offer. Sample tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will be sent to all readers who write to Box 326 c/A Publishers, 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Write for this trial now.

FREE Yeast supplied with directions for Vigormalt, with which you can make home beer. Further particulars appear on page 30.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toothpaste. Simply send a postcard to Odol, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.16), Norwich, or fill in coupon, p. 28.

ONE reason why Shirley Temple grows smaller is given on page 31. If you'd like your children to enjoy high spirits give them Puffed Wheat, the delicious, crunchy breakfast food. Ready to eat, it can be obtained at 6½d. a packet. 2½d. some to-morrow.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67, 112, Euthymol House, Street, London, W.1. Ensure Daily Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now. See p. 22.

MAKE this health-giving drink at home! Every reader who writes mentioning *John Bull*, to Newtall & Mason, Ltd., Nottingham, will receive sufficient Mason's Extract of Hops and Yeast to make one gallon of Mason's Botanic Beer. Be sure to enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

A FREE Supply of Steradent, which cleans and purifies dentures to perfection, according to directions, 1½d. stamp to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.10), Kingston Works, Hull.

DOG Lovers get a copy of Sherlock's Dog Book. It's a complete 104-page guide to the treatment of dogs in health and sickness. The book is full of information and interest, is beautifully written and produced by experts whose experience on veterinary matters entitles it to be reverenced. One valuable section deals with dog ailments, treatment and relief of most common ailments. Copies of Sherlock's Dog Book can be obtained from chemists, stores, etc., but to ensure getting your copy without difficulty write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to A. F. Sherley & Co., Ltd., 12, Marshalsea Road, London, S.E.1, enclosing 2d. stamp. See p. 22.

A FREE pattern book of patterns and embroidery transfers will be sent to all women readers who write to Beckett & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 100, Hull. The actual patterns and transfers are given free in exchange for Robin Starch carton tops. Write at once for your free copy of the pattern book. "Buttons for Your Needs" (1937). Every woman ought to have a copy.

UGUST 7, 1937

enty-three years ago—on August 4, the nations of the world let slip dogs of war.
the ensuing four and a quarter of conflict nearly ten million lives were lost.
hen peace came in 1918 the world ed with relief. "Never again!" was urrent aroual on every lip.
the slaughter of the Great War been wholly eclipsed by the toll of so-called "peace" that has followed. his article will open your eyes. . . .

'S THEORY we have now enjoyed nineteen years of peace, and we still talk of the Great War as the worst disaster that has befallen mankind in the last ter of a century.

th smug complacency we are con- to blind ourselves to the troubles have engulfed other nations ghout the world—as if they didn't

e, if we will only face facts frankly, shall have to admit that there has no real peace; that the nations of world have gone on slaughtering on ale that wholly eclipses that of the eat War."

s not a pleasant reflection, but it ld have a chastening effect upon us.

The nations of the world have gone on slaughtering and executing and reducing themselves to misery ever since, and it is certain that the total ths now far exceeds the mortal alties of the years 1914-1918.

ch day the civil war in Spain adds e total of deaths its thousands of ms. It is only yesterday that war ally ceased in Abyssinia, but perse- n, murder and famine still exist there and claim their victims.

here are fresh clashes between anese and Chinese forces. And out Bolivia they are burying the last of dead in the most futile war ever ght.

ars. Revolutions. Rebellions. In- rrections. Ever since the so-called e came to the world they have con- ed with ghastly, horrifying mono- y. Almost alone amongst the nations the world we have emerged free from rnal bloodshed in the last nineteen rs.

Germany the concentration camp rites; in Italy the spectre of the ari penal islands; in Soviet Russia dread menace of the secret police. rtunately, in Britain we can ex- ss our opinions vocally and not in ller shots.

r Britain, too, has had her own ubles. "Keeping the peace" in India ng the past eighteen years has cost 00 lives

NIGHTMARE

MILLION signatures were presented in a petition to Parliament the other day by bachelor women who the insecurity of lonely lives, of sick- and old age.

eachers, secretaries, typists and ewspapers combined in an effort to e the Minister of Health to consider problem of the single women.

On the sick list" is all very well when a child at home with the "family," for the woman who is compelled to existence on her own efforts it fre- uently means an ordeal.

ften enough there is nobody she can to attend her. She is unable to ord the holiday her panel doctor pre- bes.

hat is the nightmare of the single an. None the less a nightmare even she does live at home, for she dreads becoming a burden on the old folk.

Plymouth bachelor woman—a regis- reader—affords an apt example. s a result of her rooms being flooded r a storm of almost tropical intensity became ill. Help was essential, rest necessary. Her doctor advised a week the country.

ere seemed an insoluble problem, but neighbour had pointed out that as a gistered reader of JOHN BULL she was le for benefit under our free insur- scheme in regard to her damaged th.

e made her application immediately, we sent her a cheque to cover her rs (of course, our insurance gift is ded to single men and women just ed to married couples. On page 34 re is a registration form ready to be d — fill it now!

The Great War ECLIPSED

The horror of the Gran Chaco ended only when there were no more men to fight

The Amritsar riots in 1918 resulted in 400 deaths, then came the Third Afghan War with its heavy toll, followed by the Waziristan campaign in 1920 with "heavy British casualties."

In Malabar the Moplah rising in 1921 cost at least 14,000 lives, and now within the past three months on the N.W. Frontier 2,000 or more Tommies, native soldiers and tribesmen have been killed. Nor is the end yet in sight.

How can we begin to estimate the price human emotion has demanded of the human race in other parts of the world?

The upheavals in Russia caused losses of life on a scale never known before. Famines followed and Moscow admits that in 1921 there were 13,772,613 victims in the Volga Valley alone.

To-day Turkey takes her place among the nations—an established, comparatively well-ordered State, ruled by the stern hand of Mustapha Kemal. But what a blood bath preceded the foundation of the new Turkey!

There was a war with Greece. The Turks won. They became so truculent they almost involved themselves in another war with England. By the time they had defeated the Greeks, Smyrna, one of the great ports of the world, was a heap of ashes. More than 400,000 died in the space of six months.

Mustapha Kemal is a ruthless soul. In the autumn of 1920 some Armenian tribes revolted. They were exterminated immediately. Shortly afterwards there was discontent in certain sections of the army. Twenty-three thousand malcontents were shot. In 1925 the province of Kurdistan revolted. In two months it was laid waste. Forty-six great chieftains were hanged in the great square of Diarbekir on a single afternoon!

Soon afterwards the Ghazi, as Mustapha Kemal is called, ordained that Turks should wear bowler hats and not fezzes. Disobedience meant death. To-day all Turks must have surnames in the Western style. Refusal means the gallows.

The great Fascist revolution began in Italy in 1922. From the point of view of bloodshed it was insignificant.

Instead of thousands of the unhappy masses being shot out of hand, that fate was reserved for a few hundreds of the most intellectual and progressive minds in the community.

The grim Blackshirt revolution followed, a veritable reign of terror, which persists, as all who really know Italy can testify.

And Mussolini brought a fearful penitentiary into existence—the desolate, sun-baked Lipari islands in the Mediterranean.

To those desolate beaches was sent the cream of Italy's intellect to die in despair.

There have been incidental—and very bloody—revolutions in other countries—in Greece, in Portugal, in Yugo-Slavia, in Rumania, in Austria, where the Chancellor Dollfuss was shot and allowed to bleed to death.

Each incident added to the dread slaughter of the peace.

Most of these revolutionary movements were a direct outcome of the Great War—the "war to end war."

In September, 1931, there was an explosion on the railway line near Mukden in Manchuria. It was a commonplace event. But the Japanese, who had no real right to have large forces in those parts, considered it an act of war.

More than that, they considered it a good excuse to take over an area of China rather bigger than France.

There was a sanguinary war. It still goes on spasmodically.

And who can estimate the number of lives lost in the Japanese invasion of Manchuria?

For years there was a war in South America, in the swamps of the Gran Chaco, between Bolivia and Paraguay. Few people knew what it was all about, least of all the unfortunate soldiers, but peace only came when there were no more men to fight and hundreds of thousands had perished from bullets and disease.

In Abyssinia for more than a year the well-equipped Italians made short work of the wretched natives.

But all the time it was death and destruction for both white and black.

In the summer of 1935 Abyssinia had a population of 11,000,000 people. Since then more than a million have died violent deaths.

Such, in brief, is the tragic story of nineteen years of peace. In Spain the ghastly civil war goes on. Even so, the world continues the mad rush to arms. All the big Powers are increasing their forces.

Fantastic amounts of money are being spent on shot and shell and weapons for dealing out death.

Surely it is a mad world, my masters!

Take Your Choice

SOME people are always worrying, people who are always anxious, people who always fear the worst. We're often told that this sort of thing is constitutional, that we're made that way, or we're not. It's a lot of rot.

No one is "made" any particular way. People grow into what they eventually become, and at any moment they can start to grow into something else if they wish. There's nothing fixed and immutable about a human being.

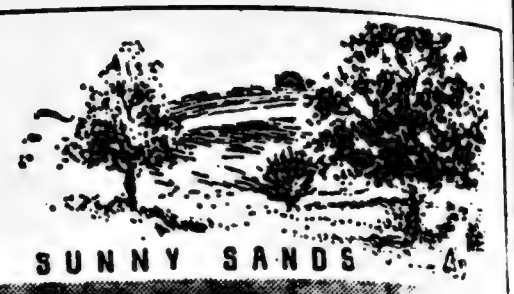
The Human Machine

To worry, to be anxious, to be certain that the worst is just round the corner, is not a constitutional trait. It's not a legacy from heredity. It's a habit of mind—a way of thinking. It's just as easy to form the habit of not worrying as to form any other habit. It's just as easy to form the habit of not being anxious as to do the reverse. To acquire a normal outlook on life is just as easy as to acquire an abnormal outlook.

It's no good excusing yourself by saying: "But I can't help it. It's the way my mind works." If your mind does work that way, make it work some other way. It's in your own hands.

You can have a positive attitude to life or a negative one. You're as free as air to choose which attitude you prefer. You can "fit in" to your work, to your surroundings, to the people with whom you have to associate, or you can be a misfit. It's your choice. No one can make you do one or the other; and no one should be blamed, whichever course you decide to adopt.

And "practice makes perfect" applies to your attitude to life as much as to anything else.



Holidays

COUNTRYSIDE OR SUNNY SANDS

—taste decides your choice

Lazing on a sunny beach, or rambling over the countryside — taste decides your holiday choice. And wherever you go Player's offer another choice to complete your pleasure—Player's "Medium" or "Mild" Navy Cut Cigarettes. Here again taste decides your choice. A vast multitude of smokers find "Medium" suit their tastes better than any other Cigarette. But the smokers who do prefer a very mild and smooth blend can also enjoy the unrivalled Player Tobacco by asking for Player's "Mild" Navy Cut Cigarettes—Cork Tipped or Plain as you wish — Remember "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" — IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS.

The packets are similar in design, but with Blue wording on "Medium" and Red on the "Mild." Prices are the same.
10 for 6ᵖ 20 for 11½ᵖ

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES—BOTH ARE PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

M.C.C. 4048

Grave *Asylum* MENACE

By Hannen Swaffer

BETHLEM, until 160 years ago, had "penny gates," as they called them, doors through which the public were admitted to stare at the lunatics in their cages on payment of a small fee. Often, they would throw stones at them, just for fun!

All that has gone. The public peep no longer.

To-day, however, so gross is the scandal of asylum administration that the public should do more than peep. The condition of asylums is such that it should be thoroughly investigated by trained enquirers.

There are over 150,000 persons in this country under care for mental treatment. There has been an increase of 30 per cent. in insanity in the last ten years. Mental homes are full. Staffs are too small, and there is overcrowding.

And yet while we spend on an average 40s. and more a week on a convict, only 25s. 7d. a week is spent on a lunatic. We must spend more. Larger staffs are needed—better attention.

Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health, said, complacently, the other day, that the old terms "lunatic" and "asylum" had been wiped off the Statute Book. The use of nicer words, however, does not alter facts.

At present, as Dr. Athelstane Nobbs writes, conditions are such that "*Many patients under control in mental hospitals and homes are let out on parole. It is conceivable that some, using the privileges of liberty, may become parents. What are the prospects for the resultant progeny?*"

Are any, I wonder, let out because of the cost? No less than £9,600,000 is spent by the nation on mental hospitals and certified institutions.

Glaring light is thrown on the results of these cases of parole by recent happenings that have given rise to widespread fears. Hundreds of men and women, because institutional doctors have acted on written reports placed before them, are at large, mixing with the public, free to do what they will.

Mr. Justice Talbot, sitting at Liverpool Assizes, had before him recently a case that was sensational. A man named John Lawson, with a bad record for housebreaking and criminal assault, was first sent to a mental institution in 1927. He was then eighteen.

In 1935 he was transferred to the Calderstones Mental Institution, near Blackburn, having developed homosexual habits.

Some time later his brother undertook to take charge of the lunatic if he could be released on licence, and, as the brother was listened to, Lawson, let out, was no longer controlled by any check.

He spent his time going out trying to find work as a farm labourer. One day, while tramping, he called at the house of a woman named Bertha Holgate, near Blackpool, and asked for help. She gave him a cup of tea and some cake, and mended a tear in his clothes, utterly unaware, of course, that he was a lunatic on licence.

Then, when her back was turned, Lawson seized a lump of wood, hit her on the head with it, and fractured her skull. As a result, she is scarcely able to walk and is the subject of nervous fits.

Well, considering that a man with such a record should not be at large, she brought an action at Liverpool Assizes against the Lancashire Mental Hospitals Board and the Superintendent of Calderstones and his assistants.

The judge and jury held that Lawson was not fit to be released and that the Board and its officers had acted without reasonable care, and damages of £3,500 were awarded her.

Naturally, this verdict caused great perturbation among the mental hospital workers, whose union has just passed an emergency resolution asking for legislation to protect mental hospital staffs and authorities from such actions, when they were acting in good faith.

No doubt they were afraid they might be blamed and become the victims of verdicts.

One, H. T. Brill, of Whalley, told the members of his union that since the Calderstones judgment, asylum patients had become much more difficult to deal with, having lost hope of being allowed out.

So, apparently, the case had caused a temporary tightening up of the regulations.

"If legislation is going to continue on these lines," went on Brill, "we shall have to build higher walls and take far more precautions against escape than exist now."

Then, last April, William Hitchens, a lunatic on licence—he had been discharged in the care of a guardian who *thought* he could look after him—was talking to a man over a cup of tea in a house in Balham when, without warning, he picked up a beer bottle, smashed it over his companion's head and, as he fell, struck at him with a brick and a broom-handle. Then, thinking him dead, he cut himself with a razor, and died.

There have been other cases of this kind. Yet there has not only been a lack of reasonable care to ensure that lunatics are safe before they can be allowed to mix with the comparatively sane people outside. More care is needed inside the asylums.

Only the other day, James William Rowley was committed for trial on a charge of murdering his mother in the County Mental Hospital, Stafford.

Prosecuting counsel said that Rowley was frequently visited by his mother and that, on July 12, she had been with him for forty minutes, when, for no reason, he picked up a piece of wood and smashed her head in.

"I want to give you my opinion," said the dead woman's husband at the inquest. "I think there has been neglect here, or my wife would not have lost her life."

In this case the assailant was thought to be recovering and was usually employed in the hospital grounds.

Then Robert James Conduit, an inmate of the Wiltshire Mental Hospital, Devizes, killed a fellow-patient named Frederick Jenkin. Being unfit to plead, he was ordered to be detained "during His Majesty's pleasure."

Mr. Jus ice Talbot recently heard a sensational case at Liverpool Assizes

But the matter should not end there, for it was said at the trial that a little girl, aged eleven, was actually in the asylum grounds at the time of the murder and met the man. It came out in the trial that members of the public were allowed in the precincts of the asylum!

I am not surprised that the judge said it was "most unsatisfactory."

The fact that there is understaffing is proved by constant complaints. Liverpool, Montrose, Nottingham and Dundee have heard them.

I do not wonder that there have been many cases in which lunatics have escaped. Recently, a powerfully built man played havoc in the Army and Navy Stores. He had escaped from an institution at Virginia Water, and caused much trouble to the police because he was on what is known as "the dangerous list"—that is, liable to attack anybody whom he met.

Then five men escaped from the Shenley Mental Hospital, St. Albans. They were sane enough, in spite of their madness, to plan a most elaborate getaway, with knotted sheets, and the theft of a motor car. In this they would no doubt have roamed the countryside until the petrol was all gone, except that an astute taximan spotted the fact that the trousers worn by one man were made of a strange texture.

If these men had remained at large for fourteen days they could not have been set back to the mental hospital unless they had been recertificated.

Much has been done to improve the treatment of lunacy. Most mental specialists are humane and possessed of an understanding that is always growing as the years go on.

But, in spite of that, the cases I have quoted—and they are only a few of many—prove that the entire system wants enquiry—and overhaul.

It's Nerve that Counts

Just a Human Story

"ONCE you lose your nerve you're finished," said Mr. Baden Akiens, the well-known Leicester steeplejack, recently. It is the same whether you're engaged climbing chimneys or if you are mining coal.

Go where you will in the world, you have to learn by experience, whether you're driving a long-distance coach over the Great North Road, or "iron-fighting" amongst girders in the erection of some new big building.

Four hundred feet above the pavement—or two thousand feet underneath the Rhondda Valley, it's all a matter of adaptation, best put into application by Mother Duck on any lake, pool, or pond.

Mother Duck literally pushes her "brood" of half a dozen out on to the chill waters of their new world, though the miner and steeplejack use other and quite different methods.

"Start work with me on Monday—I'll get you a lamp," says the Welsh miner to his son.

"Bring the message up to me," the steeplejack sends down from the top of a chimney 400 feet above Glasgow.

"Get up at half-past four in the morning," the Somerset farm labourer tells his son, just starting work on the dairy farm among the cows.

Nor can stories of disaster deter any one of the many beginners. Take the steeplejack for example.

Baden Akiens, of Leicester, is one of a family of sixteen steeplejacks. He himself shortened a 440 feet chimney by a hundred feet not so long ago. His brother was killed, but his sister fixed the weathercock on the steeple of St. Mark's in Leicester city.

His father broke practically every bone in his body in the course of a lifetime of climbing tall buildings, chimneys and steeples in all parts of the world.

He himself has had his skull fractured and several ribs broken. He fell from a chimney in Essex, and he came crashing down from an 80-feet high chimney in York. One of his earliest climbs was to the top of a 400-feet high chimney stack in Glasgow. He once worked on a chimney which collapsed, costing eight gallant men their lives.

At the foot of a "tall job of work" one day, he received a message from his father saying he was busy.

"Bring the letter up to me," was the instruction he read, and at the age of sixteen young Baden Akiens went.

Up the frail ladder—high into the sky above!

From a hundred feet up the street below looked like a working model, yet duty called, and young Akiens went on, clinging perilously, ascending higher and higher towards the clouds.

Not until he had reached the "crown" of the dizzy summit did the young steeplejack pause to glance down to earth.

But a curt "Thank you" was all he received from his father, who then, clad in an asbestos suit, lowered himself seventy feet into the fuming void of a smoking stack.

And here was the beginner, 400 feet above the busy streets with the city a wilderness of bricks and mortar below.

It was an unnerving sight.

Baden Akiens wondered how he had done it. He might have got flustered; anything might have happened. But there and then he realised the value of his father's advice . . . "Once you lose your nerve—you're finished."

Amazing in a

Raw material for a great industry. Weighing sacks of peas on an Essex farm

Sorters at work in a canning factory, and (right) the vacuum testing machine which automatically rejects any tin not up to standard

FIFTEEN miles from Liverpool, between Aintree and the little market town of Ormskirk, lies one of the most prosperous stretches of arable land in Great Britain.

It is a region of rich soil and pleasant, wooded landscape traditionally given over to the cultivation of vegetables.

Farmers in that part of rural Lancashire to-day, unlike thousands of less fortunate tillers of the soil in other parts of the country, have very few grumbles about the conditions under which they are obtaining their livelihood, nor are they harassed by doubts about the disposal of their products.

Their crops for this year, though they are still growing in the fields, are already sold. Orders for next year's crops are beginning to come in. The prices they are being paid are equal (and often a little above) those obtaining at the local markets.

If you sit in the kitchen of one of those Lancashire farmhouses, as I did a few days ago, and ask the reason for such startling prosperity—such brisk business in an occupation supposed to be in a bad way—the ruddy-faced man across the table will point to a round object in front of him.

Money in bank

"That," he will say, "and a million others like it, is the reason why we farmers around here have money in the bank to-day."

The round object is a can of cooked peas—made in a local factory from vines grown on the farmer's land.

And so throughout West Lancashire to-day, wherever the soil is suitable for the production of vines, almost every pod of first-rate peas raised by the farmers is sent to the local canning factory. Production of raw peas for ordinary marketing purposes is now only a side-line, a means of disposing of peas not suitable for canning.

Last year this canning factory near Ormskirk bought every vine of peas they could lay their hands on in that part of Lancashire.

This year they have persuaded farmers to put twice the acreage under cultivation, and given an undertaking that they will purchase the total crop.

Next year they expect they will need double the acreage again. No wonder the farmers in the district think canning is a godsend.

It is a great satisfaction to them that, in the canning process, they have found a steady and regular market for every pod of peas they can raise.

The factory produces 8,000,000 cans a season. And for the first time in their lives the local farmers can calculate before the season is half-way through exactly how much money per acre they are going to make out of their crops.

That is one illustration of the growth of the canning industry in this country, and of what it means to the farming community.

But to appreciate the amazing upward surge of this increasingly important business, and to envisage the changes it is bringing about both in rural and urban life, you need to travel to other places besides Lancashire.

In Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire lassies from Scotland and the depressed areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire have been busy canning strawberries gathered from the local fields.

You need to go to Norfolk and Devon, where almost every apple that is not being made into cider is being dropped into a machine that will peel and core it, slice, cook and seal it in a can, all within an hour of being pulled off the tree.

Canning!

It is a prosaic business with a romantic story.

90 years fresh

Don't imagine, as so many people do, that canning is an American business, that it was first begun on the other side of the Atlantic.

As long ago as 1824 Parry took a case of canned meats with him on his voyage to the Arctic. They were found eight years later by Sir John Ross and brought back to England, where they were opened in 1911—nearly ninety years afterwards—and eaten!

The British Government sent out its first iron rations to the Crimea in 1857, and one of the tins is still on view in London to-day. Doctors say its contents are quite pure and edible.

The Americans took over our methods in order to dispose of their great surplus stocks of salmon, which lay rotting on the banks of the Oregon rivers because they perished on the long journey to the cities.

Huge increase

But in 1937, with the increased speed of modern life demanding new ways of preserving food, so that they can be served quickly without loss of nutritive values, the British canners are regaining supremacy.

Almost every vegetable and fruit grown in this country — peas, potatoes, cabbages, lettuce, carrots, beetroots and turnips, apples, peaches, pears, apricots, plums and strawberries—now find their way into cans.

In the past ten years the output from British canning factories has increased from 7,840,000 cans to 110,000,000! And it is still growing!

Under construction at the moment is a huge factory in Sheffield that will have the most up-to-date canning apparatus in the world, and will produce enough canned goods to supply every family in Britain.

Other factories are already at work in all parts of the land.

Let's take a look round one of these factories and see some of the almost miraculous machines that are being used to convert raw fruit and vegetables into cooked dishes ready for the housewife's table.

There are machines that will, in two movements, grade a tray of apples, peel them, slice them, and drop them into a can.

There are machines that will shave the beards off gooseberries and pluck the stalks from raspberries!

But because the organisation necessary is by far the most complicated, the pea-canning process of the progress of the pea from field to can is probably the most interesting to see at work.

You are, say, a farmer in Lincolnshire with land capable of producing various kinds of crops.

A canning factory has been opened in the district for the manufacture of canned peas, and not long afterwards a representative of that factory comes along to look over your land.

He is probably a farmer himself, an expert in agricultural science, for all the canners employ them nowadays at high salaries.

If he finds your ground suitable for pea cultivation he will make you a proposition.

"If you'll plant fifty acres of your land with pea vines," he says, "my firm will guarantee to buy every pod of peas you grow which comes up to the standard we require. We'll pay you a little above prevailing market prices and give you all the expert advice you need—but we reserve the right to say when the pods shall be plucked."

Off to factory

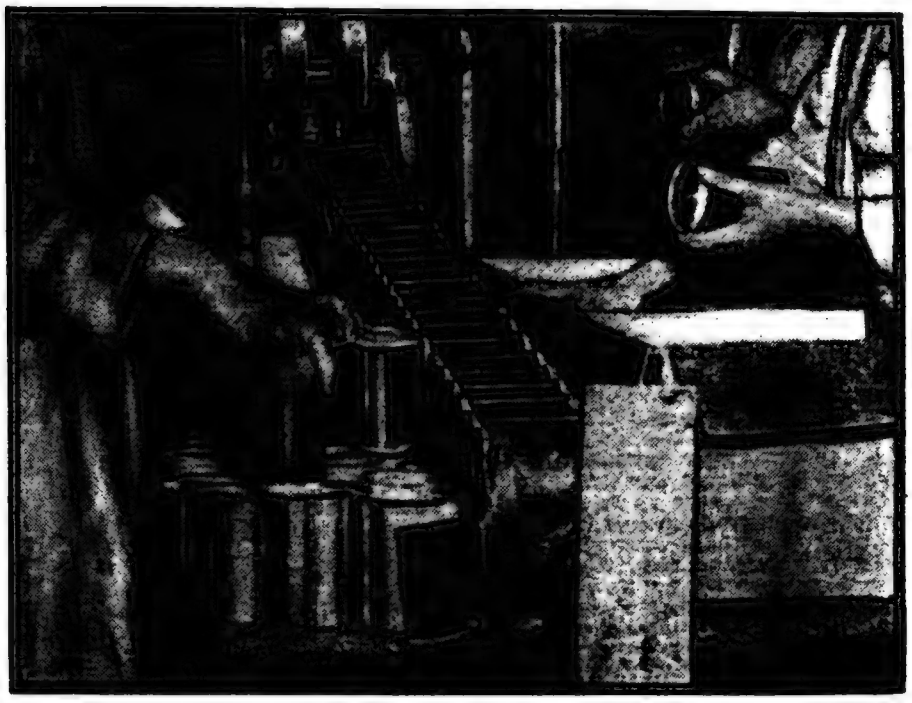
The contracts signed and the land sown, both you and the canner wait for the harvest.

When the picking does begin, it has to be a speedy business, because the canning factory people don't like any delay; they want their peas fresh.

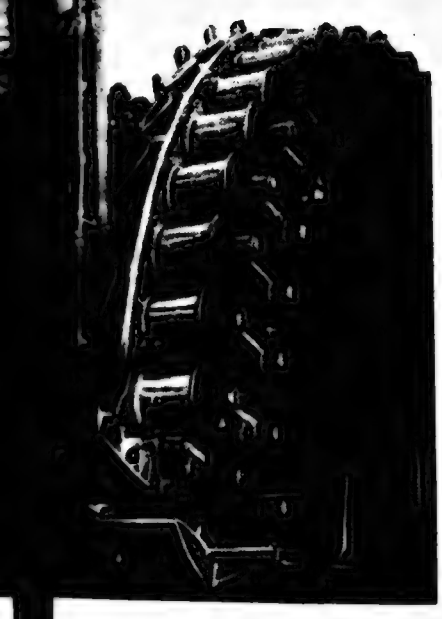
As soon as a lorry-load of peas is ready it speeds off to the factory twenty miles away, and here the complicated, and almost miraculous

Miracle TIN

There have been British tinned foods for more than 100 years; Arctic explorers used them in 1824! "Iron rations" were issued in the Crimea. But within the last 10 years the industry has made miraculous strides and our output has increased from 7,840,000 tins to 110,000,000. And it is still growing!



Labelling and packing the sealed tins



process begins. The process which turns pods of peas into vegetables ready for the table is not unlike the assembly line of a motor-car factory in the way in which it works.

At one end is the raw material—the sacks of peas, still in their pods and fresh from the fields. Girls empty them into a podder, a perforated drum which revolves at high speed and knocks the pods against outjutting slats.

Although the beating the pods receive when the drum revolves is only light, for care is taken not to cause bruising of their contents, it is sufficient to split them open and shake out the peas.

The peas and the husks pass along a moving tray into a winnower which lets the peas drop through little holes into a container beneath and pushes the husks out into a bin.

The trayful of peas moves slowly along the line, under a succession of high pressure water-taps which flush away any dirt and refuse, until they reach a grading machine which sends them along different channels according to their size—the small peas one way, the medium-sized another, the large ones a third way.

The British canners usually sell three types of canned peas—*small*, which are the undergrown, "sweet" type; *standard*, which are normal peas; and *large*, which are overgrown peas of special type.

Still moving forward, the peas pass through a "blanching" machine, which, by a special process, removes the gas and glutinous matter which is present in all peas, and which, incidentally, the ordinary housewife, cooking her own peas, cannot eliminate.

After being washed once more they are pushed on to an inspection tray where a line of girls examine them for any extraneous matter which might remain.

Inspection completed, the peas now surge into tiny buckets—something like those you see on dredgers—and are lifted into a huge container. A line of empty cans has meanwhile been moving forward from the other end of the assembly line, and when each one of these comes under the container a slot opens and just enough peas drop in to fill the can three-quarters full.

Another container fills the can with scientifically prepared solution of brine, to preserve the nutritive qualities of the food; a vacuum process takes all the air out of both can and peas; a huge stamp descends and presses a lid over the top of the can, sealing it up—and then the can passes into the pressure cooker.

The cooker deserves a story in itself, because it is a triumph of modern ingenuity; but no non-technical description can do it justice.

Suffice to say that it can cook a can of peas in seven minutes—and cook them more completely than the ordinary housewife can do it on her fire in twenty-five minutes.

High speed

Scientific research has proved beyond doubt that foods cooked for short periods at high temperature in sealed containers, from which all air has previously been exhausted, retain their maximum food value and will not deteriorate either when stored or reheated.

Seven minutes in the pressure cooker at 212 deg., and then out comes the can, through a cooler, into the open air again.

And if you (the farmer) shipped your loads of peas to the canning factory at 10 o'clock in the morning, you could be eating those same peas—out of a can—for your mid-day meal only two hours later.

Two hours from vine to sealed can—and during the whole process the peas will have been touched by hand only when the girls lifted out rejected peas on the inspection table.

The system used for canning other vegetables and fruits is not very different, except that such complicated machinery is not necessary—for there is no podding and winnowing to be done.

There are, of course various systems in operation for the canning of produce other than fruit and vegetables, and on a recent tour of some of the principal canning factories I found many of the processes to be most intriguing.

It is fascinating to the layman, for instance, to see a mechanical arm come out and flick a morsel of pork into each tin as it travels its way to receive the accompanying beans from the hopper.

Enter the taster

In some canneries there are huge kitchens, in which white-coated cooks prepare soups and cooked dishes in great 100-gallon steam-heated kettles, whence they are fed, by means of steel piping, into hoppers below.

Though most cooks would be flattered to be asked for a recipe for their special dishes, that is one thing which you demand at your peril in a canning factory. For these recipes are as jealously guarded as the latest naval secret. Often they are only known to one man in the whole factory.

In the laboratories cooks and chemists concoct new dishes to please the palates and soothe the stomachs of their millions of customers.

In a quiet corner in one factory I found a cadaverous-looking man with a pained expression on his face and a plate of cheese in front of him, tasting soups. Before each mouthful he would eat a piece of cheese to clean his palate.

Life is just one long orgy of eating and drinking to him. Every day he tastes some 1,500 different brews, from turtle soup to Christmas pudding, via mushrooms and asparagus.

In another room were girls dropping currants on a marble slab to test if they had been properly stoned. It is all done by ear.

Wonder machines

All the girls who handle food are manicured on the premises before they start work every morning.

An indication of the phenomenal growth of the British canning industry, apart from increasing output, can be gathered from seeing some of the ingenious machinery installed.

In one cannery, for instance, they have a machine that swallows a salmon, whisks off its head and tail, and flicks it on to a revolving drum, where it meets a battery of knives and brushes that cut off its fins, split open the belly, and completely clean out the inside.

Then it shoots the fish out on to a belt, which conveys it to a washing machine, after which it moves on automatically to another gadget which cuts it to the size of whatever can it is destined for, and then packs it.

All cans containing beer and concentrated fruit are lacquered internally, and then coated on top of the lacquer with wax.

All figures in connection with the canning industry are astronomical.

The Milk Marketing Board's statistics show that last year 33,700,000 gallons of milk were condensed and canned for home consumption alone, and 5,800,000 gallons for export.

5,500 tons of herring were canned in Britain last year, and 4,000 tons of strawberries, while other items which figure prominently are black currants, gooseberries, apples, rhubarb, beans, celery and mushrooms.

In every home

Indeed, so high is the standard reached by British canners to-day that it is difficult to tell the difference between fresh vegetables and canned vegetables—and scientific research seems to prove that canned vegetables are more beneficial.

All their nutritive values are, for instance, preserved in the can, whereas some of the most necessary food values go up in steam when cooked in the ordinary housewife's boiling-pot.

That is why those people who sneer that Britain is becoming "a nation of tin-openers" are making an empty jibe. Vegetables and fruits taken from a can usually contain much greater food values than dirty, oft-fingered articles taken from a dirty crate exposed for sale in a market-place.

That does not mean to say, of course, that it will be better for Britain when it uses nothing but canned fruits and vegetables. For those with time to cook and prepare them, there will always be a market for fresh produce—produce marketed by the usual run of shopkeepers in this country, who are probably the cleanest in the world.

But no sneers or jibes can stop the upward surge of the canning industry.

The canners say they won't be satisfied until every home in Britain is using at least one can of fruit or vegetables a day.

And as they think of the skimped cooked foods which are all modern housewives have time to prepare these busy days, the dieticians add: "It mightn't be a bad thing, at that."

Death in

Unsolved Mysteries (3)

by

Stanley Bishop

who in this absorbing new series is reviewing a number of famous crimes that have baffled the police.

OUT of breath with hurrying, a roughly-dressed labouring man came up to the two police officers standing at the corner. He was nervously excited. "Quick! Quick!" he cried. "There is a dead 'un over there!" and he pointed backward across the road to the beginning of the forest land to a tree-shaded hollow.

Even London police don't expect to get an alarm like that on a fine sunny evening in late May.

It was all so normally peaceful and usual around their patrol. A number of lads were playing cricket on the green; couples were strolling into the forest; the jangling noises of trams and traffic sounded from the highway towards Walthamstow—an ordinary evening.

"And a fellow comes up to you and says, 'There's a dead 'un over there!'—just like that, without warning."

Both P.C Vaughan and P.C. Arthur Carley jumped to action. They ran to the hollow. They found a man lying face downward, legs stretched out, left arm extended, right arm slightly bent—those details of position carefully noted for subsequent report.

Blood from a wicked fracture in the back of the head stained the grass. There was a slight groan as the constables turned the body and carried it from the hollow. Still a flicker of life in the sorely injured man.

The sight of the policemen with their burden drew a throng of the curious to the spot. The game of cricket was forgotten in the new excitement.

SAID one of the cricketing lads, peering at the body: "We saw him a little while ago. Don't you remember, George, walking about with a girl?" George, his pal, answered. "Yes, we did see him with a woman. I remember."

By then the policemen, waiting for the summoned ambulance, were searching the body, looking for any paper which would give identification.

An envelope gave name and address: John Willmott, Inman's Row, Woodford Green, Essex. In the coat breast pocket was a partly-used cheque-book—National Provincial Bank—half-torn across. Curious, that mutilated book, thought the constable when he placed it back in the pocket, buttoning up the coat as it was originally.

In Whipp's Cross Hospital, John Willmott died the same night. His devoted wife, fetched from Woodford Green by the police, sat by his bedside, but he was not able to speak to her. He could give no reason for his injury.

From the first, opinions appeared to differ. Of the constables who were called to the hollow, one, P.C. Vaughan, declared later: "I thought that he was knocked down by a stick or something"; while the other, P.C. Carley, said: "I thought he had fallen from the tree."

Medical examination of the body showed that the fracture at the base of the skull could have been caused by either a fall from a height on to a hard object, or by a severe blow from a cudgel.

A thick, broken stump of a holly bush, eighteen inches in length, picked up by the police searchers in the hollow, was a likely enough weapon to give such an injury in the hands of a violent man.

Additionally, the doctors discovered signs of bruising on the dead man's hands, which looked as though he might have defended himself from some attack.

So the police entered on their investigation of this mystery death with dual possibilities in mind—death by a fall (cause unexplained and to be ascertained) from the tree which sheltered the hollow; or, alternatively, murder.

Quickly, however, as information came to light, the theory swung to deliberate crime. The case was named, "The Epping Forest Murder."

Chief Inspector Jack Sands (now Superintendent Sands of "Central"), one of the most skilful and experienced detectives in the whole country, was sent from New Scotland Yard to Walthamstow to take charge.

FURTHER, the problem of John Willmott's death held so many intriguing and unexpected features that Assistant-Commissioner Sir Norman Kendal, head of the Criminal Investigation Branch, displayed a more than routine interest. He was frequently receiving reports from Chief Inspector Sands on work done and progress made.

When the friends and relatives of the dead man were interviewed remarkable disclosures were obtained.

From Mrs. Ellen Willmott, the widow, the police learned that her husband's business was good. He had the decoration of no fewer than thirty-two shops in hand.

All the same, he was troubled over private affairs. He seemed to be fearful of something, and was restless.

"There is someone trying to 'frame me,' and will knock me down one day," he told his wife. When she naturally questioned him about the pending trouble, he said that it was in connection with a woman "who was expecting a baby." Men were following him about.

Mrs. Willmott was completely trustful in relation to her husband. She accepted readily his assurance that the whole affair was being put on him without cause.

"We have been happily married for nineteen years," said the grief-stricken woman to the police. "I know he had done no wrong."

Evidence accumulated that John Willmott was fearing molestation from *someone*. He spoke about being followed on several occasions and to different individuals.

For example, he confided in his father the story of three men who were on his heels, dogging his footsteps. One man, particularly persistent, was dressed in a plus-four suit.

To other relations the same statement was made: "Men are following me. They mean to 'frame' me."

It was perfectly plain that John Willmott had something serious on his mind. He was fearful. He expected a hand to stretch from the shadows and seize him. Yet he would not make frank admission or give the names of the men whom he feared, or more exact information of the menace.

WHAT is the secret in the life of John Willmott? What is he hiding? Is there any secret, or is it all imaginary?

Questions like that were debated by Jack Sands and his assistants. They meant to get to the bottom of the puzzle if humanly possible, and to find the Shadow Menace—if he or they existed.

Help from the public was sought by wireless broadcast. A message was spoken to all England:

"The police are anxious to get into touch with any person who saw Willmott between 5.30 and 8.55 on the evening of May 22, and any member of the public having a knowledge of his movements on or prior to that date.

"Friends and associates who think they can help are also asked to come forward."

The time 5.30 was when John Willmott, returning from work at Leyton, was known to have left an omnibus outside the "Rising Sun" hotel at the Walthamstow-Woodford cross-roads. The time 8.55 was when he was found dying by the police.

Between those intervals there was nothing tangible, apart from reports that he was seen drinking in a public-house with a young woman, and the other statements of the cricketing lads that they observed him walking in the forest with — apparently — the same woman.

As an outcome of that broadcast a number of people who knew John Willmott communicated with the police, but no helpful information resulted. Not one could name the man "in the plus-four suit." His was still a nebulous identity.

By mid-day post an anonymous communication reached the Walthamstow Police Station. "John Willmott," it read, "Rosie knows ——" followed by the name of a forest-side café.

There was something rather suspicious about that postcard. The fact of its having been sent to the police was published in an evening newspaper *before the police received it.*

Frankly, the postcard was a hoax; rather, a piece of public mischief.

Yet detectives were sent out to trace the café-serving "Rosie," and did so. She was closely questioned, but knew nothing whatever about the dead man or his associates—friendly or otherwise.

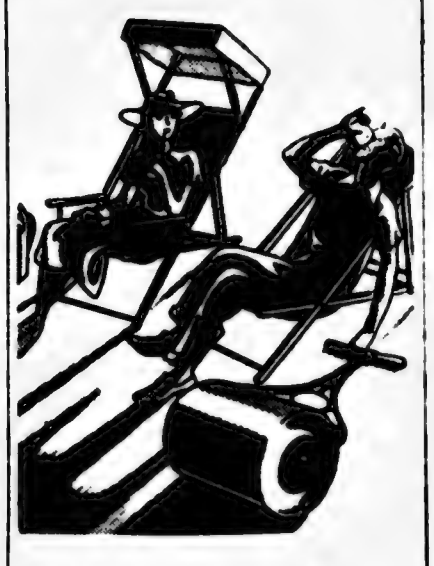
Each day the police were haunting the

You can taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

3d. and 6d. packets or sold loose 6d. ½ lb.

2D

Cor. 718.



The best part of gardening is the

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

afterwards

6½d. BOTTLE MAKES 24 TUMBLERS

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

the F

In this glade John Willmott (in

London end of Epping Forest, v
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"In connection with the dis
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seen on several occasions in his
in the Woodford district, and
known to have arrived by tra
the direction of London.

"This woman is described
thirty years of age, 5 ft. 6 in.,
dark hair, dressed in brown coa
jacket, small brown hat, brown
stockings, fairly smart.

"She had a prominent
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Whoever that woman
managed to evade the full
Scotland Yard, and to remai

the Forest

In this glade John Willmott (inset) was discovered dead. The most exhaustive enquiries have failed to trace his assailant

London end of Epping Forest, visiting public-houses and tea shops in the hope that by listening they would pick up some scrap of conversation to give a direction to enquiry. For the "murder" was the only topic of talk in the vicinity of the Forest.

Other detectives watched the Forest by night, keeping track of the loiterers; those rough undesirables who follow couples and spy on their behaviour. It was thought at one stage that John Willmott might have been victim to one of these pests, who, demanding money for silence, struck and killed when refused.

Jack Sands, sitting in his emergency office at Walthamstow, held the strings of these different pursuits.

All manner of reports were laid on his desk. Statements from no fewer than 150 different people received his consideration.

The sum total of information was added up and tabulated into conclusions.

BUT of the men who threatened John Willmott with violence and followed him, or of the woman with whom he was said to have walked on the night of his death, *there was nothing by which to locate them.*

Again a broadcast. This time for the woman. The communique ran in these terms:—

"*In connection with the discovery in Epping Forest on Tuesday, May 22, 1934, of John Willmott, in a dying condition, due to head wounds, and who died in Whipps Cross Hospital the same night, the police are anxious to get into touch with a woman acquaintance who had been seen on several occasions in his company in the Woodford district, and who is known to have arrived by tramcar from the direction of London.*

"*This woman is described as about thirty years of age, 5 ft. 6 in., thin face, dark hair, dressed in brown coat, greenish frock, small brown hat, brown shoes and stockings, fairly smart.*

"*She had a prominent ornament attached to her hat in the shape of an aeroplane propeller, set with white stones which shone brilliantly when in the sun's rays.*

"*The police also desire to get into touch with a woman acquaintance of Willmott to whom he gave, in April last, a gold dress ring set with three opals and four small chip diamonds, value about £1 10s. It may be the same woman who wore the hat already described.*"

NOW there was detail—gradually compounded from the evidence of several witnesses—which should have brought result. It was fruitless in effect. Many false clues to raise the hope of the police. Nothing to send Chief Detective Jack Sands racing by car to an address to see a frightened woman, who would admit that she was the unknown friend of John Willmott, and was with him in the Forest on the night of his tragic death.

Whoever that woman was she managed to evade the full resources of Scotland Yard, and to remain hidden in her suburban home; holding the secret of John Willmott in her heart.

Perhaps she was restrained by husband or other lover from coming forward and telling what she knew. Probably she was frightened of consequences; for a man who killed once in jealous revenge might kill again in self-protection. It might even have happened *that she was dead* before the police made their appeal.

OR maybe she did not exist at all; that she was the compound figure of the belief of people, who thought—quite honestly—they saw her in company with the dead man.

Failing to substantiate the accepted idea that John Willmott was murdered, the police recast their conception of the mystery. They returned to the suggestion of death by falling from a tree.

A surprising move was taken. Permission was obtained for the exhumation of John Willmott from his grave in Chingford Cemetery. Sir Bernard Spilsbury carried out a further medical examination of the remains, and formed his definite opinions.

To the coroner and jury at the subsequent inquest, the famous pathologist stated that in his view the fatal injuries were brought about by Willmott diving from a pinnacle of a tree, and his head striking a stump of wood.

The bruises on the hands and wrists were consistent with such an act. Different bruising would be caused in a fight. He did not think that Willmott was murdered.

Evidence was taken from relatives and witnesses who said they saw Willmott with the unknown woman on the fatal night. The suggestion was advanced by the police that Willmott might have committed suicide in this extraordinary manner, and in support of this a note was produced from the dead man's pocket, which said, "Give money to wife."

Despite the authority of such a person as Sir Bernard Spilsbury, and the police contention, the members of the jury found themselves unable to make definite decision.

They returned an open verdict, declaring there was insufficient evidence to show how the death injuries were caused.

An illuminating comment was made by the widow, after the inquest, that if her husband *had* climbed a tree there would have been marks on his clothes—he was wearing, among other things, light grey flannel trousers—to show this. *And there were no such marks.* Obviously marks of climbing *would* be expected, although the trousers were rather dirty.

One point which appears to have been overlooked is that if John Willmott did climb a tree at that particular corner of the Forest he surely must have been seen doing so by some of the many people who were around.

Clambering to a top branch of a tree in the hollow *must have attracted attention.* Witnesses to the fact would have come forward. It is hard to believe that a man would adopt so uncertain and painful a method of ending life. Even allowing for a completely unbalanced mind—and there is insufficient evidence of that—suicide in such a way is too fantastic.

ACCIDENT by tree-climbing can be similarly ruled out. There is nothing to support such an idea.

Considering the problem from every angle, one is thrown back conclusively to the original theory that John Willmott was killed by another man who for some unexplained reason attacked him.

Is it possible that this strange tragedy of Epping Forest was linked with another?

While the police were working on their investigation into the death of John Willmott public attention was drawn to that sensational murder known as "Brighton Trunk Crime No. 1."

The dismembered body of a young woman, packed in a travelling case, was discovered in the left-luggage office of Brighton Station. Other parts of the body were subsequently found in a box at King's Cross Station, London. The identity of the woman has never been established

Wrapped round the body were pieces of brown paper, one of which bore—written in blue pencil—the tail end of a place name, ——"ford."

Ching*ford*—Wood*ford*, the two districts of Essex suburbia bounding the Forest, which were frequented by the undiscovered woman friend of John Willmott, and in one of which she lived.

If John Willmott was murdered, then his woman companion knew all about it. She could have told. Her silence was imperative.

Epping Forest crime; Brighton trunk murder!

The coincidence is striking.

Next Week

Robbery under arms and Murder. It happened on the highway to Warsop, in the County of Nottingham.

Samuel Fell Wilson, grocer of that town, was shot dead when driving in his motor-car. The money he had collected from his country customers was stolen.

People passed the dead man as he lay against the driving wheel of his car, and were ignorant of what had happened.

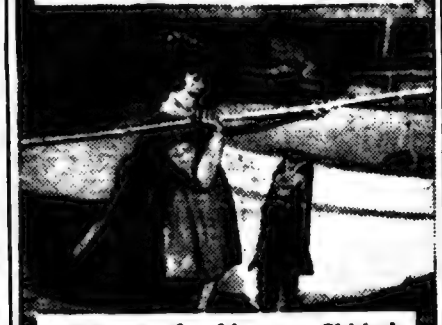
And the murderer of Samuel Wilson remains at liberty to this day.

Star of "Stowaway"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

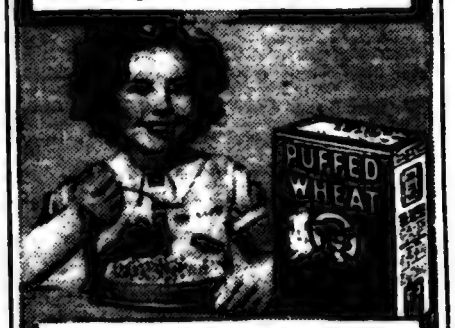
Shirley Temple

GOES FISHING

SHIRLEY'S up bright and early. She's at Lake Arrowhead for the week-end. And that means fishing.



LOOK AT the big one Shirley's brother caught. But hurry, Mr. Photographer, it's time for lunch.



AFTER a morning on the lake "Puffed" Wheat with fruit tastes extra good.

Shirley Temple always starts the day with that same smile—there's "Puffed" brand Wheat every morning! And all day long she *keeps* smiling—this delicious crunchy breakfast food keeps her in high spirits! and no wonder . . . it contains all the wholesome goodness of rich, ripe wheat.

Your whole family will love it—try some tomorrow.

'PUFFED' WHEAT

TRY PUFFED RICE TOO

READY-TO-EAT

6½D PER PACKET

P. 134

How can you look attractive when your charm is spoiled by shiny nose? Banish shiny nose forever. Keep your skin 'matt' and lovely with Snowfire Powder Cream, and see how other girls envy you for looking fresh and pretty, even when you're hot. Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle and Ivory shades to choose from.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire
POWDER-CREAM

JB

These prices do not apply in I.F.S.

Finishing School for FATHER

MOST people know how much welfare centres are doing for mothers and babies. What their first cousins the fathers' councils are doing is not nearly so well known.

Yet there is, behind this sixteen-year-old movement, a very human story. A story that involves something more than merely teaching father how to bathe the baby.

Many men have written letters full of gratitude for what their centre has done for them. Many more admit frankly they have learned there that most important of all lessons—how to bring happiness into their own homes.

And there are always plenty of volunteers eager to go along and talk to other fathers who are thinking of forming a "council" in another district.

In some ways the work of fathers' councils is like that of welfare centres, of which they are a offshoot. That is to say, their aim is to educate father in how to bring up the child to be healthy and happy. But there is this difference.

Whereas mother is taught every detail of how to look after her baby, the instruction given to father is along more general lines.

True he is shown how to bathe the baby. How a toddler of two or three years old should be looked after. How to get tea ready for the children when mother is out. And other simple jobs.

But these are not the really important things he learns there. He learns the whole art of modern fathercraft. His own important place in the home. That his job as a father is not finished when he brings home his wages on Friday night.

The young father of to-day does not regard the children as mother's entire responsibility. He knows he has a place to fill in their lives and he fills it. He takes a frank pride and an intelligent working interest in their growth and development and welfare.

A cookery class at the Battersea Men's Institute

✦ ✦ ✦

It is this attitude which the fathers' councils are out to foster. And, although they have been in existence now for a number of years, the full story of how much they do has never been told.

Over a cup of tea and a smoke the fathers compare notes about their problems at home. Sometimes there will be a simple lecture on some practical subject.

What sleep does for us. How to look after the teeth. What to do in the kind of emergency that happens in every home. Many of these fathers are unemployed or earn only a small wage.

At one centre they had lessons in how to shop and get the best value for the money expended. Then they were taught the best way to prepare the meals with the materials bought. Sunlight treatment for babies was another subject.

It is always impressed upon them how valuable their influence on the mothers is—how their interest and encouragement will make a mother adopt new and up-to-date ideas quicker than anything else.

So the centre becomes, in effect, a fathers' club. Through it firm friendships are sometimes formed. A common interest becomes a bond which makes them not only eager to learn themselves but to help one another solve their home problems.

And the helping hand is often extended to men who are not actually members, but are known to be in trouble which is affecting their home life.

One unusual case of the kind was a lad of about eighteen. The secretary of the fathers' council in the district heard that the boy was very unhappy. For some reason which nobody could discover he was not wanted at home.

Actually there was nothing wrong with the boy. He was exceptionally bright.

But years of browbeating had cowed his spirit.

He is not, of course, eligible to become a member of the council. But the secretary took him under his wing. He got a friend whom he knew would treat the lad kindly to give him a job.

He gave him one of his own suits so that he would look decent. He looked round until he found lodgings where he would be happy.

From that day the boy got on. He had a succession of jobs in which he did unusually well—each one better than the last. And all the time the secretary was his friend.

In a few years he met a girl and, as he had a good job, wanted to get married. But he would not become engaged until the secretary had seen the girl and approved her. At the wedding he was the guest of honour.

After the first baby was born he joined the fathers' council. Now he has three children and a very happy home. That particular man blesses the council and all it has done for him, and is never tired of sounding it praises.

✦ ✦ ✦

In another instance a man, through no fault of his own, was in great trouble. One bit of bad luck after another had left him without money, without work, and without a home. He had a wife and little girl.

Everybody at the centre knew about it and felt sorry for him. Then one day a small flat in the district fell vacant. He was very anxious to try to get a home together again.

The men knew this, and they urged him to go and see it, and, if it were suitable, to make arrangements to take it.

He did this. But then he had no furniture to put in and no money to buy any.

Now the landlady must have been a bit suspicious, because she stipulated that the furniture must be in by a certain time on a certain day or she would not keep the flat for him.

So three of the fathers clubbed together and raised about £11. They bought linoleum, a table and chairs, a couple of beds and bedding and a few other necessities. They borrowed a hand barrow to do the moving and themselves laid the linoleum, put up a few shelves and generally helped them to get straight.

A fortnight later this father got a job which he has kept ever since. He lived in the flat for three years and now has a little house on the outskirts of London, where there is a garden for his little girl to play in.

In another case a man was separated from his wife. Through the good offices of the secretary, who went to see the wife, they were eventually reunited. That is several years ago and they now have a happy home and three children.

Still another home was being wrecked through drink. By good advice and good example the man concerned was made to take a new interest in his wife, home and two children. They are now a united and happy family.

Besides learning to make useful pieces of furniture for their homes, how to mend shoes, and other domestic jobs, the men are encouraged to take an interest in any matter which affects the homes of people generally.

In Kensington, for instance, the fathers' council instituted a "Fly Week." The borough council lent a lorry complete with driver. The men dressed it up to demonstrate how food should be preserved from contamination by flies. Every night for a week they went round the streets giving lectures.

✦ ✦ ✦

At the same time they invited parents to lodge complaints about bad housing. In the week they collected three hundred of these complaints—about broken brickwork, dirty cisterns, bad drains, damp and dirty walls.

The secretary himself investigated every one of those complaints and found they were justified. He took the list to the local Medical Officer of Health, who saw that every single one was put right.

The work of the fathers' councils is growing, but, as they are composed of working men, many of whom are unemployed, it is always seriously hampered from lack of funds.

Even so, they manage to keep out of debt, and there are many more things they intend to tackle when funds allow.

COMPANY MEETING

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY

ORDINARY DIVIDENDS RESUMED.

The forty-sixth annual general meeting of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., was held on July 27th at Furness House, London, E.C.

The Lord Essendon (the chairman) said that the accounts for the past year enabled them to fulfil the hopeful anticipations which he had ventured upon a year ago of recommending the payment of a dividend upon their ordinary share capital after a lapse of three years in an otherwise unbroken record of forty-six years.

The profit and loss account reflected the improvement which had set in in 1936 and continued quietly throughout 1936. As a result, there was a profit for the year after providing for expenses of every description of £344,744, an improvement of approximately £130,000. A dividend of 3 per cent. per annum, less income tax, was recommended on the ordinary capital. Since the close of their financial year they and their associated companies had increased their investment in the Royal Mail Lines, Ltd., by the acquisition of a further substantial block of shares.

Shipowning in these days was, in many respects, like politics. It was impossible to remain unaffected by other people's troubles, and there was no such thing in shipowning as non-intervention. Their ships were engaged in world-wide trading, and the majority of the troubles they ran against were neither predictable nor avoidable.

MINIMUM FREIGHT SCHEMES.

We sincerely hoped that means would be found of continuing co-operation within the shipping industry, in which, he was sure, the lines would give their full support. It was true that the maintaining of the minimum freight schemes and other measures which had so largely contributed to the better conditions now prevailing was the subsidy paid to the tramp ships. If, in consequence of the conditions attached to the subsidy, shipowners were enlightened as to the possibilities and merits of co-operation, the need for the continuation of such co-operation would be even greater when the subsidy had been withdrawn.

To some extent the improvement in the shipping industry was due to the rearmament in this country and elsewhere from disarmament to rearmament; in other words, while the effect had been good, the cause had been bad. It was the fear of war and the consequent belief in the necessity for economic nationalism which chiefly stood in the way of expanding internal trade, upon which the future prosperity of the shipping industry largely rested. Granted peaceful conditions, he believed that in the next year or two, during which period high costs would prevent any excessive building of new ships, there would be a continuance of profitable trading for the shipping industry.

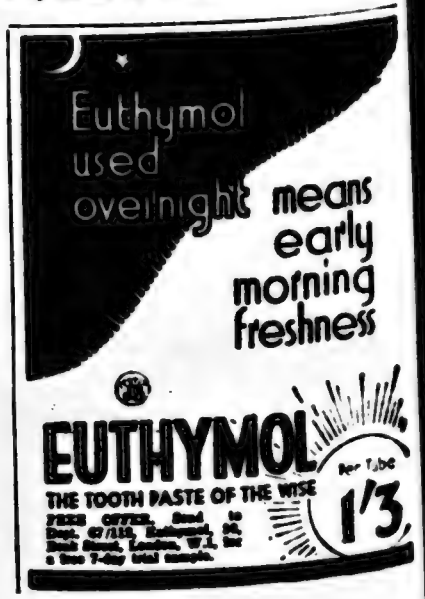
The report was unanimously adopted.

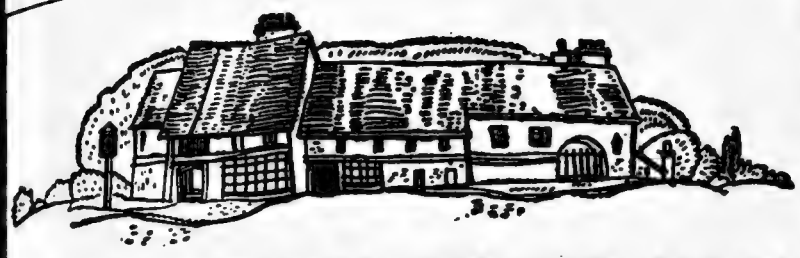
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas blants up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.





Mr. XXX XHIBITS HIS INN SIGNS

THE BAT & BALL

IT'S MY OWN INVENTION, says Mr XXX, to help me to forget the proper cricket inn signs with their mocking reminder —What price the Ashes? The bat or flitter-mouse (full face) catches the ball (top right) from time to time in the cup (top left). This made a rollicking Elizabethan game, which, while 'not cricket,' was 'the cause that strong men do sweat mightily and totter and grow faint, as they play it by the hour.' And remember — as they did then —

When you're played out

beer is best

240

Get this FINE FURNITURE for a FEW SHILLINGS down!

Throughout the British Isles Drages are famous for Fine Furniture and wonderful value. *You* can have Drages' furniture in your own home—AT ONCE—on payment of a few shillings.

And with it a *Free Fire and Life Insurance Policy* and *Drages' Written Protection* in case of illness or unemployment.

You may order by post with confidence on the understanding that if, on delivery, any article does not meet with your complete approval, it may be *returned and exchanged, or your money will be refunded in full.*

ORDER BY POST!

The DENBY Group. Finished in dark oak; 4ft. wardrobe with mirror inside door; dressing table with three deep drawers and fitted with triple frameless mirrors; dressing chest with four drawers; 4ft. 6in. bedstead to match with side irons.
Complete 19 gns.
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Human Documents by Philip Inman

The girl who is clever with her needle, says Mr. Inman, may be able to find spare-time work as a dressmaker

What Restless Wives Should Do

IS marriage for a woman a full-time occupation? I think the majority of people would say Yes. But there are others who do not share that opinion. Listen to this letter from one of my readers:—

I am thirty-one years old, and though I am not now a pleasure-seeking woman, I feel there is something lacking in my life. I have two children, aged four and two, and a husband who works at night, arriving home next morning between eight and nine o'clock. As both my children will be attending nursery school in a few months, I would like to go to work.

That would help in two ways. It would be a break from my drab existence, for every evening I am alone after seven o'clock. And the money I should earn would be useful, for on my husband's wages it is a constant struggle to make ends meet. We have not had a holiday for two years, and anything I could earn would enable us to go for week-end jaunts and have other little pleasures. I think the world of my husband, and I have great ideals for my children, but should the looking after a house and the raising of a family be the be-all and end-all of life?

My husband is dead against my going out to work, but I would like some reliable and unbiased outside opinion, and as I have always read with admiration your solution of other readers' problems, I know I can count upon your advice.

Now I can sympathise with this girl, and I think her desire is a laudable one. In her husband's circumstances a little extra money would be most useful. As things are, it is for both of them a case of all work and no pay.

But there are two things I am sure she would not desire. The first is to go against her husband's wishes. The second is to neglect her home and her children. Accepting those two things, is there not some way in which her undoubted energy can be used? Only one that I can see. Is it not possible for her to find some employment that she can do at home?

If she is clever with her needle she might be able to work up a connection as a dressmaker. Clerical work might also bring in a few shillings a week. I would suggest that she should either insert an advertisement in the newspaper or write round to a few of the larger establishments.

In my next case the married woman is, like her husband, in employment. But to quote her own words, "I want to stay at home and take care of it and look after my man." This is what she tells me:—

We have been married for thirteen years and my husband and I work together in the mill. Our combined wages amount to about four pounds a week, but, of course, the money is not so good when we are on short time. We have to take our meals with us and clean the house when we go home at night.

When we have finished it is time for bed, and as we have to be up at six o'clock it seems little use our having a home. If I give up my work it means having to manage on about two pounds a week, and not even that when trade is bad. I should be miserable if we had to run into debt, and even if we were able to avoid that it would be a strain having continually to scrape to make ends meet. I have heard of mothers who pay to have their babies looked after, and I wonder if you could tell me if I could get a child for whose care I could be paid.

Please do not think me mean, but I would love to make life worth living for my husband, and I would do my utmost for any little one that came to me.

This young woman has been married for thirteen years and she has apparently no children of her own. Taking of a little child into her home would serve two purposes. The payment she would receive from it would enable her to achieve her great desire of giving up her work and confining herself to household duties.

It would also, I am sure, bring a great deal of joy to her and her husband. Sir Walter Langdon Brown, the great Cambridge professor, said the other day, "I doubt whether any man, and I am sure that no woman, is complete without parenthood."

The next best thing to having a child of one's own is to take some other baby into the home. Now it is little use my correspondent writing to the various adoption societies, for in almost every case they expect a child to be taken for love alone.

Her only possible course is either to see or to write to the doctors in her neighbourhood and ask them to bear her in mind if they hear of such a case. She could also make the same request to the lady almoners at the maternity hospitals.

Now these two letters show as well as shoals of others I receive — what a tremendous part £ s. d. plays in many a life. I commend that fact to my next correspondent. This young man tells me:—

I am twenty-four years old, parentless and almost penniless, for although I am in work, it takes all my wages to keep me. Eight months ago I started to correspond with the sister of a chum, and she is twenty years old.

Though we have never met, we seem to cut out for one another that last week I proposed to her and she has accepted me. As matters stand at present, I propose to go to London where she lives, in a month or two, and look for other work and then marry her. I have only about six pounds in the world, and I know that she has no money but she is desperately anxious to marry me.

And surely the two of us having such faith in each other can face the world together? I am confident that when we are married, though we have not much of this world's goods, we shall be very happy.

This young man was very foolish to propose to a girl he has never met. Friendship by correspondence—by all means, but certainly not an engagement of marriage. A couple should know one another far better than an exchange of letters can reveal.

And my correspondent would add to his folly if he takes on the heavy responsibility of a wife and a home until he is in a settled position and can afford to maintain them.

His girl may be keen to marry him, but she is only twenty years old and I doubt whether she understands what life can mean under such conditions.

If the young man really cares for her he will desire her happiness. And he will work and wait until he can give her those things which contribute to it.

Send your private problem to "Humanid," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

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One hundred pages of first-class entertainment which score the biggest hit of the season—that's *Summer Pie*, the great holiday annual, now on sale everywhere, price 6d.

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Marzipan is the latest of Cadburys Filled Blocks—the range that gives you your favourite soft centre for only 2d. for 2 oz. and 4d. per ½ lb. Marzipan is the youngest of the family—but growing fast in popularity. So steal a march on your friends and be the one to tell them all about it.

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Lucky Accidents

"I'M sorry. It was an accident."

That is an apology most people have made dozens of times, and in making it they classify an accident as a misfortune. Many are, but not all.

Some, indeed, are lucky, and were it not for hundreds of peculiar accidents, the world of to-day might be a very different place.

Take the latest instance of the remarkably lucky chance discovery of a marvellous new drug which already has saved the lives of scores of mothers in childbirth, and which gives hope of recovery in a wide range of diseases in which the bloodstream is affected.

"The greatest medicine discovery for twenty-five years," say scientists—and it was discovered by accident!

An accident, caused by a cat, actually started an industry which, from its beginning within the last ten years, has now grown to employ more than 120,000 people, while the capital invested in it exceeds £20,000,000

A certain chemist found his laboratory becoming overrun with mice, so he set a number of traps and baited them all with cheese. But the mice continued to thrive.

In desperation, he introduced a cat, an animal that will one day be as famous as Dick Whittington's historic mouser. This laboratory cat made its master's fortune.

On the first night, it saw a mouse run along a bench, and it leapt to give chase. But a bottle of formaldehyde stood in the way, and the cat knocked it over. The bottle fell to the floor with a resounding crash, burst open, and the liquid poured out, covering, among other things, the cheese in the traps.

When the chemist saw the mess next morning, he was far from pleased. He set about clearing up. And then he noticed that the lump of cheese in the trap had changed. Instead of being soft and pliable, it had turned into a substance of tremendous strength.

That little piece of cheese was the beginning of our modern plastics industry. Telephone instruments, wireless and electric components, ashtrays, inkwells, cups, saucers, and a thousand and one different articles are now being made from this amazing new material.

Strangely enough, another falling bottle gave birth to another modern industry. This time, however, the bottle did not break.

It was a chemist named Edouard Benedictus who saw this bottle fall. He picked it up and examined it carefully. He could not understand why it had remained intact. Then, thinking the whole thing a fluke, he buried the bottle to the ground and expected it to shatter into fragments. It still remained intact.

Suddenly Benedictus remembered. That bottle had once contained a mixture of chemicals, though the liquid had since evaporated.

He gazed inside the bottle and found that the glass was covered with a transparent skin of immense strength. He discovered what the original chemicals were, and was soon busy with the manufacture of safety glass.

A pot of paint began another vast industry. This time, an accident caused it to be left uncovered for a long period, with the result that a hard skin formed over the surface. Many people must have passed that paint-pot without realising the significance of it.

It was left to Frederick Walton to see farther than the others. He noticed this hard skin, examined it carefully, began to reproduce it artificially, and, before long, was hard at work turning out the first linoleum.

If an Irishman named O'Sullivan had not suffered from a weak stomach, the world might still be without a small but very useful addition to its comfort.

O'Sullivan worked in a factory and finding that the vibration upset his digestion, tried standing on a rubber mat. This eased his discomfort considerably. Then the mat was stolen. O'Sullivan found another, only to have that stolen, too. So in a fit of Irish impulsiveness, he clamped small pi[e]s of rubber to the h[ee]ls of his boots.

The idea worked. He patented it, gave the world rubber heels, and made a fortune for himself in the process.

When the placid cellarman at the Abbey of Haut Villers, in France, came to bottle a season's wine, he found that some had accidentally run short of the oily fluid which was usually screwed up and rammed into the bottles as stoppers.

He thereupon took some rough pieces of cork, carved them to fit, and used them. He then put the bottles up in their racks and forgot all about them. It was not until months later, when the first of the bottles was opened, that the new liquor made its appearance.

There was a bang as the cork flew out, and the liquid bubbled up in a sparkling cascade. It was the first champagne.

A tired workman, dozing by a primitive paper-making machine, let a large quantity of paper pulp slip through without being sized. To all intents and purposes this accident had ruined it.

But another accident a couple of days later proved otherwise. A clerk let some of the ruined pulp fall on a page written with ink, gasped as he saw how the ink was absorbed, and so introduced the world's first blotting-paper.

Yet these are fairly trifling accidents. Now consider a serious error which might have led to a man's death, but instead, added another cure to man's widening knowledge of medicine.

Nearly 75 years ago a doctor made a mistake on a prescription. It might have had the most serious consequences. He carelessly prescribed tincture of iodine for a goitre sufferer, instead of tincture of digitalis.

The thousand-to-one chance came off. The new prescription worked wonders, and gave the world another cure.

If Jenner had not accidentally engaged in conversation with the milkmaid who told him that she could not contract smallpox because she had had cowpox, vaccination and inoculation might still be undiscovered, and methods of dealing with germs might still be in the beginning stages.

When an ironmonger's mother strained her back trying to close a wooden window that had warped and jammed, she gave her son the idea which led to the metal window-frames so widely used to-day.

All accidents are not misfortunes. Hundreds of those which, at first glance, might have appeared so have, in fact, turned out to be gilt-edged blessings in disguise.

Greatest of These . . .

Margaret

MARGARET, who has just turned eleven, was in hospital on the danger list in the Spring, suffering from acute pneumonia. Her mother, who has been anæmic for years, is under the doctor for nervous debility and pleurisy.

Margaret's dad, an ex-soldier, served from 1906, went all through the war, and was discharged in 1918 unfit for further service. He received a weekly pension of 8s. 6d. for six months for chronic gastritis, and was then given £5 and his pension stopped. He has never had the luck to get permanent work, though he has never refused a job.

This year, owing to a bad attack of influenza, he has only had eight days' work. Many years ago he had an accident to his hand and wrist. "But," he says, "I can still use a pick and shovel."

Margaret's dad receives 30s. a week unemployment pay. Owing to his wife's, child's and his own illness, the rent is in arrears, and clothes and bedclothes are in pawn.

Donations earmarked "Margaret" or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

PAINS AFTER MEALS
A Warning

People sometimes make light of pains after meals, "Just a touch of indigestion," they say—and do nothing to correct it.

But pains after meals, however slight, ought to be stopped at once. Pain is a sign of something wrong. Stomach pain means a stomach that is out of order. Nothing seems to help with—that is all the more reason why you should get rid of it while you can. If you have stomach trouble in time, your indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, or gastritis will just fade away and you'll have no more of them. Mac Brand Stomach Powder, that famous [old] puts pain down, gently but firmly. Many stomach sufferers find that this [wonder] powder soothes their pain away almost at once. Others, more stubborn cases, need more patience. But *all* in time yield, safely and surely, to the gentle persuasion of this soothing and certain remedy.

Just a warning. Don't take a substitute and then blame the original MACLEAN BRAND for not curing you! Look before you buy for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Powder or tablets, 2/- and 5/-.

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164 Pages For 2d.

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Girl Without Fear

Binney's mother staggered forward with a cry

I SEE her now, tall, blonde, seventeen, with wide blue eyes, a straight nose and a full, warm mouth. There was something fascinating about the way she smiled. She had that mystical charm usually associated with great tragediennes.

When she looked at you, you felt that she had always lived, for, despite her youth, there was something very mature about the expression in her eyes. We used to call her "Binney."

Living with her in the flat below me were her mother and young brother, Bobby. Her father was fighting in France.

At the time my story begins she was taking art lessons, and her work showed great promise.

Generally, she was a strange girl who mooned about with an air of perpetual preoccupation. During her spare time she went for bus rides in the country, seldom returning until late at night.

Most of her pocket money was spent on her favourite flowers, red carnations. Whenever they were in season her bedroom was full of them.

Once when she was sick and had to go to hospital, I visited her and took a bunch along with me. When she saw them, her eyes lighted up with joy.

"Can you imagine anything more lovely?" she sighed.

Another time when I was with her she asked me if I believed in fairies.

"It sounds silly, I know," she said. "But I do. I often see them in the country, playing in woods among the bluebells."

That was the sort of mind she had, ethereal—strange to this world of hard, cold facts.

It was difficult to imagine her grown up, yet, as I've said before, there was something mature in her expression.

I was always uneasy about Binney—why, I don't know. It was as if her very presence radiated a warning of future tragedy.

◆ The day I saw her coming up the front path looking pale and perplexed was memorable to me, for it was the day my brother was killed in action. Later, when I saw her in her flat, she looked the same.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You look worried."

"I can't tell you what it is," she replied. "I've been the same all day. I've an awful feeling that something dreadful is going to happen to me."

"Don't be silly," I said, trying to sound light-hearted. But I couldn't convince her to the contrary.

How long I had been in bed before I heard whining sirens and the clanging bells of fire-engines that gave warning of approaching enemy aircraft, I don't know. I awoke in a bath of perspiration. My heart was beating a tattoo against my ribs, and my whole being was filled with apprehension. The sky was obscured by ominous clouds. In the street below I heard people running to shelter in the Tube station some distance away.

I dressed hurriedly, and with my mother, dashed to Binney's flat, where I found her mother and young brother in a state of panic. Binney, on the other hand, was sitting serenely up in her bed, smelling a red carnation, for all the world as if everything was normal.

"Why all this fuss?" she asked. "If we are to be blown up by bombs, then we can do nothing about it."

All of us implored her to come with us to the Tube station.

"Leave me alone with my flowers," she said.

"You might have a little thought for me," her mother pleaded.

★ *Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 294,725, George and Dragon, Buntingford, Herts.*

"Please come, Binney," whined her brother.

But it was no good—Binney had made her mind up to stay.

When the guns began to bark we left the house with Binney still in bed. As I left the room, she was still smelling the red carnation.

Outside the atmosphere was tense with the drama of death. Half-running, we made our way to the Tube. Most of the other refugees had found shelter, for there were few people in the streets. Here and there we encountered a running policeman, an ambulance tearing madly along, a fire-engine racing to an outbreak of fire.

Above in the black void, searchlights swept the sky with their mighty beams, and breaking the periods of stillness the anti-aircraft guns roared like the angry voices of infuriated gods.

Panting breathlessly, we approached the Tube. Then just as we turned the corner, all of us were knocked to the ground by a terrific explosion. There was a blinding flash; the air was filled with a roaring sound that filled the whole of my being. The next I knew was rolling on the ground. Binney's mother screamed; I held my breath, and pulled the boy to me.

"Are you hurt?" I asked his mother.

"I'm all right," she sobbed. "What about Bobby?"

He was no worse for the experience, except for shock. We scrambled to our feet and dashed for the Tube entrance.

When we got to the platform, people crowded about us and asked us questions. Then Binney's mother began worrying about her daughter.

◆ "I'm sure she's met with some disaster," she kept on saying. Try as I would, I could not appease her worried mind.

The "All clear" signal came at a time when I was ready to scream out, so overwrought were my nerves.

Hurrying home, we watched firemen working on buildings that had been hit by bombs. At the top of our street, I suddenly paused—horrified to behold a fire-engine outside our house.

Seeing this, too, Binney's mother staggered forward with a cry. "I knew it," she sobbed. "I knew it." Then, pulling herself together she ran ahead of the boy and me.

Outside the house a crowd of people had congregated. The bomb, I saw, exploded between two houses, tearing one side of our house down to a heap of debris.

Asking a neighbour to take Bobby, I rushed up the front steps. At the door I was stopped by a policeman.

"I live here," I said. Then I asked him if Binney was all right.

"I'm afraid not," he told me, looking away.

They had carried her downstairs and had laid her on a sofa belonging to a lady in the bottom flat. When I got to her side, the first thing to strike my eye was Binney's long, slender arm hanging loosely by her side. Clenched in her tiny fist was the head of the red carnation she had caressed before we left.

◆ Standing over her was a doctor bathing her forehead. Poor Binney's face was white as the ceiling, and the expression was one of perplexity. What struck me while I looked at her was that the time she had been hit, she might have been wondering why death should come from the sky, for I'm sure she never properly understood the world of hard, cold fact.

She died, on the way to hospital, holding her mother's hand.

Her funeral was known for years afterwards in the district as the funeral of the red carnation. Without exception, all her friends showered her coffin with these flowers.

To-day if you go to a certain cemetery you might see a little old lady with tears in her eyes still covering Binney's grave with her favourite flowers—her mother never forgotten.

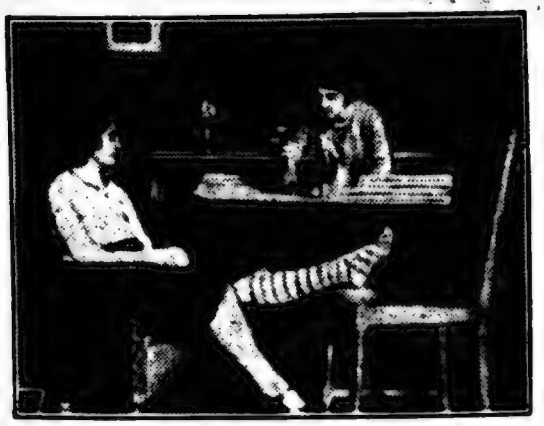
How *Doctors* Treat Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Par

Although doctors are human, you rarely find them suffering from indigestion. The reason is that they know exactly what causes it and how to treat it. Personally, I know nothing to equal 'Bisurated' Magnesia as a speedy and lasting remedy for all digestive troubles. If I eat anything that disagrees with me I take either a teaspoonful of the powder or four of the tablets, and there is no more of the trouble. Indeed, there is something almost miraculous about the speed with which 'Bisurated' Magnesia corrects acidity, stomach pain. 'Bisurated' Magnesia (powder or tablets) can be had of any chemist at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle; there is also a 6d. trial tin of tablets. I advise every sufferer to take some after their next meal; the relief will be a revelation.

LEG ULCERS AND SKIN DISEASES ENDED

Why do you suffer so long?



HUNDREDS of sufferers from Leg Troubles and Skin Diseases are being cured by the National Infirmary at Manchester. The Treatment is available to you. If you suffer from a Bad Leg or Skin Disease or if you have a Relative or Friend who suffers and needs help, the National Infirmary will send you full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

Do not lose heart even if you have suffered for years. Your trouble is not hopeless because ointments, tablets, and plasters and other so-called remedies have failed, after years of trial, to end your suffering. These things fail because they are not suited to your needs.

It does not matter how long you have suffered, the National Infirmary Treatment cures in long-standing cases and in those of shorter duration. Every symptom and underlying cause of your leg trouble is treated to bring about a speedy cure. Long-standing troubles that have caused years of agony have been cured in a few weeks by the National Infirmary. Just as others have been cured, so can you. Don't despair even if you have suffered half a lifetime. Send in for full particulars of the Treatment at once. You can have them without any obligation.

POWERFUL BLOOD TREATMENT THAT CURES

Blood treatment specially prescribed and compounded for you by the National Infirmary, rapidly expels impurities, promotes good circulation, relieves congestion, kills inward pains and restores health to every diseased tissue. With this great vitalizing power of the internal blood treatment, every nerve, every vein, every gland and every cell tissue gains new health and strength. Your leg is healed, your skin made well. Your general bodily health built up. You have new vigour, new health, more energy, and greater pleasure in life.

This Treatment specially prepared for you quickly clears ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, skin eruptions. Morbid matter and blood impurities come away. Re-infection of the blood, or poisoning of the tissues, is stopped. Healthy skin forms free from scale or scab, pain passes away, itchiness stops, smarting ceases and you get about in comfort all the time your trouble is being cured.

Here is the health opportunity you cannot afford to miss. These splendid cures are obtained daily by the National Infirmary Treatment. To have these grand health benefits you must, without delay, fill in your coupon for the free Medical Book and advice.

THE CAUSE OF ULCERS —AND THE CURE

Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons skin and connective tissue, which quickly become unhealthy and break down. The wound gets bigger, more inflamed, and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do; resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are useless. Stock ointments are simply a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity.

With Varicose veins in the leg ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole, only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. It is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small wound will rapidly become the size of a two-shilling piece or even the size of the hand. These blood clots show unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation, and disperse the congestion is what you need. Write to the National Infirmary at once, and have the Book without delay.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ECZEMA?

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood impurities, Insect bites, Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Soaps—as with laundry workers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set up an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the National Infirmary's Treatment.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM

Leg Psoriasis

PSORIASIS you must attackthetrouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Thosewhite thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years. A splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are indeed most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.

This powerful treatment, specially prescribed for you, clears the scalp of unsightly scale and scurf and pimples; clears the skin of scale and redness. The Psoriasis spots and patches fade away and a new, clean, healthy skin is obtained. The treatment is easy to use and is applied in the privacy of your own home. Send for full particulars of this excellent treatment without delay.

VARICOSE VEINS AND PAINFUL LEGS

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage.

Perhaps you have a constant heaviness and aching in your legs. Sometimes actual pain is experienced and the legs feel tired and uncomfortable. These symptoms show that your legs require thorough and proper treatment now. Your leg trouble arises from faulty blood circulation. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. *Get the free Illustrated Book now. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National Infirmary, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.*

If you suffer you should have advice from the infirmary at once.

Fill in Coupon for Free Medical Book.

VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK — FREE

This book has been written to help you. A free copy and full particulars of the Treatment will be sent to you by the National Infirmary.

FILL IN YOUR COUPON NOW.

In this valuable medical book, specially written by Experts, the causes of leg troubles and skin diseases are clearly explained in a plain, straightforward way. There are no confusing and hard-to-understand technical terms. You will learn why you have a bad leg and how skin diseases arise. The book is interesting and useful. It is written specially for those with leg troubles and skin complaints and contains valuable information and sound advice and help. It tells how to have the National Infirmary advice, how to obtain the National Infirmary Treatment, how the Treatment is applied, how it is carried out at home, and tells you how leg and skin troubles are cured. Remember, the book will cost you nothing.

THIS BOOK GIVES VITAL FACTS ON

- Blood and its circulation.
- How ulcers form.
- How ulcers heal.
- How to know a genuine cure.
- False Healing and True Healing.
- What to get for your leg.
- Effects of long standing.
- Why rest does not cure.
- How to kill pain.
- How to know when your leg is cured, etc., etc.

Do not fail to send for your copy to-day. Only a limited edition of the book is to be distributed free. The books are for sufferers only. If you suffer or if you know of others who suffer, a copy of the book will be sent to you. All you have to do is to fill in the coupon and post it to

The National Infirmary, Ward B.L., Gt. Clowes St., Broughton, MANCHESTER.

You will then receive the Book and all particulars of the Treatment by return of post.

Plate A.

Plate A.—Ulcer caused by a knock. Swelling occurs at the back of the leg leading to sluggish blood circulation and congestion. Ulcer is on the track of a large vein and there is great internal blood pressure. Treatment to relieve the blood pressure, promote good circulation and a healthy condition of the blood required. If you have the same leg trouble you too can be cured. Send for the book and learn how.

Plate B.—Varicose Veins, Eczema and Ulcer. Due to Weak Veins, Poor Blood and Congestion of Tissue. The dark patch shown on the plate is usually brown or purple in colour. Black spots appear on the skin. These are small clots of unhealthy blood thrown out from the capillary veins. The leg feels heavy and is easily tired. The blood does not circulate freely to the ulcer unless proper and thorough Treatment is applied. Under the National Infirmary Treatments hundreds of serious leg ulcers as shown have been soundly and permanently cured. You cannot afford to neglect your opportunity now. Write for the Book.

Plate B.

Leg troubles yield to the National Infirmary Treatment

FREE BOOK COUPON

THE NATIONAL INFIRMARY,

Ward B.L.,
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, MANCHESTER.

Please send your valuable medical book and full particulars of the Treatment free of charge.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

.....

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PURE BEER FOR 1D PER PINT
REFRESHING & SUSTAINING SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD EASILY MADE AT HOME
FROM VIGGORMALT
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF RICH MALT & HOPS
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FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN
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NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS

Here are some interesting offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook:—

A special 32-page brochure is available free to all home lovers and those interested in furnishing. (PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

A free maternity booklet explaining all about a modern maternity belt designed to give complete comfort and support. (PAGE TWENTY-SIX.)

A free 7-day trial tube of a famous tooth-paste. (PAGE TWENTY-TWO.)

A copy of a 164-page guide to the treatment of dogs in health and sickness. (PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT.)

READERS who are leg weary can secure a booklet explaining a new remedy. (PAGE TWENTY-NINE AND BACK COVER.)

A free trial tube of a well-known dentifrice. (PAGE TWENTY-FOUR.)

A new chocolate confection which is growing fast in popularity. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.)

IDEAL Summer drinks for everyone. (PAGES TWENTY-SEVEN & TWENTY.)

FROM OUR READERS

Why Retail Fish Prices are Ever Increasing

EVERY day brings more comment on the parlous condition of the herring fishing industry.

But, strangely, public attention is not being directed at all to the grave and worsening plight of the trawling industry, although housewives are finding that the price of white fish is steadily rising.

There is no doubt that the difficulties of this much larger and more important department of the fishing industry and the forcing up of retail prices are largely due to the trawl-owners themselves.

They are creating this position by seeking multiple profits from subsidiary companies which they form to provide the fishing fleets with supplies—at excessive prices, of course.—L. T. BOOTH, Menzies Road, Torry, Aberdeen.

This is a point of view worthy of consideration, as coming from a man who knows the industry. On the other hand, the trawl-owners no doubt have their own answer. Reasons for high prices may lie in problems of marketing.

Stud Tales

I USE a collar stud which I bought thirty-four years ago and which has been worn daily all that time except for two years when I was on war service.

Are there any studs in use more venerable?—EDWARD HOUSER, Newton Street, Greenock.

Last week a Newcastle reader sent us for examination a stud which has been constantly worn for 47¼ years. It had been turned by a brass-finisher at the time when the popular neckwear was a two-and-a-half inch choker and when stiffer laundering quickly ruined ordinary studs.

Teething Thrice

TWO weeks after my thirty-fourth birthday I have begun to "cut" a third set of teeth. Two have already appeared and another is emerging.

This disproves the theory that a human being cannot produce three crops of teeth.—HENRY ELLISON, Devons Road, Bow, E.3.

Teeth which emerge in later life are only the second teeth which have been delayed by some obstructive condition.

Race with "Silver Ring"

AUTUMN DOUBLE

THE Jockey Club's move of running the Cambridgeshire before the Cesarewitch will be generally popular and there will be a number of horses bidding for the double.

The Cesarewitch is a killing race and with the old order in force a horse who had won over the tiring two miles and a quarter was seldom pulled out again a fortnight later.

The famous invader from America, Foxhall, landed the double in 1881, and Plaisanterie followed in his footsteps four years later. These two stand alone.

Looking through the entries for the coming races, horses who might be capable of winning both events are Huxley, His Grace and Haulfryn, but I should want 1,000 to 1 to my money.

Best bets this week-end at Lewes may be Rodomont and Dorchester Girl.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 5, to Wednesday, August 11.

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T P U
97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

89398FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ63Z2 would read ACHILL.

About Bears

AT Whipsnade Zoo I was surprised to see that the polar bears basked in and enjoyed the sunshine. But when the skies became overcast and the temperature fell they huddled together for warmth.—Miss MARY SAUNDERS, Dallow Road, Luton, Beds.

Polar bears brought to captivity soon begin to like summer and dislike winter. And when bears reared in captivity are taken to the Arctic zone they usually contract pneumonia.

Nothing Perfect

FOUR sets of billiard balls recently used at an international championship contest have been tested in the laboratory where I am employed for spherical accuracy.

Although the faults were infinitesimal, none of the balls was perfectly round.

It does not seem possible to produce an exact sphere.—R. M. CLEMENTS, Dudley Road, Birmingham, 18.

Pure iron is rarer than gold and there is no such things as completely pure water or a pure white colour.

Did You Know?

MY son is a licence-holder. This week Revenue officers called at his inn and, finding two sacks of sugar there, told him that he would be prosecuted if he did not get rid of them.

They said it was a contravention of the licensing laws, but we are baffled as to the nature of the "crime."—B. L. UNDERWOOD, Dover Road, Folkestone.

It is little known that licence-holders must not keep on their premises more sugar, saccharine, syrup or any other preparation which would increase the gravity of beer than is necessary for domestic purposes. They are liable otherwise to a penalty of £20.

Gratitude

BEING in business at a tram terminus, we are constantly doing small favours for chance callers.

During the past year we have parked large numbers of bicycles and motor-bicycles, provided notepaper and envelopes free, written letters for those who could not do so themselves, taken care of luggage and parcels, and supplied and heated milk for babies.

I thought it would be a good idea, in exchange for these services, to invite contributions to a collection-box for a poor children's holiday fund.

In the past year the amount placed in the box has been fourpence!—Miss FLORENCE HAYWARD, Horseley Fields, Wolverhampton.

London hospitals, however, find that their best and most often filled collection boxes are those placed in shops at bus termini where people commonly seek favours of tradesmen.

God's Acres

ON a holiday tour in Derbyshire I found a church graveyard, eighty-two years old, which contained only four graves. For its age, this must be the least occupied cemetery in Britain. —DUDLEY TRAVERS, Putney Bridge Road, S.W.15.

Not so. The churchyard of Immanuel Chapel at Pitton Green, in the Gower district of Glamorgan, is 116 years old. But it contains only one grave—that of a former pastor who died fifty years ago.

Misconceptions

NIBS, our domestic cat, which [illegible] been in ill-health for some [illegible] left his sick bed two weeks ago and [illegible] completely vanished.

A veterinary surgeon tells me that [illegible] is common for cats to go into hi[illegible] when they are about to die.—Mrs. E[illegible] WALKDEN, Wolverhampton Road, [illegible] ford.

This is as great a fallacy as [illegible] belief that swans sing while they [illegible] and rats leave a ship before it sail[illegible] a fatal voyage.

Demarcation

WHILE on holiday in the W[illegible] Valley I stood on a point fr[illegible] which five counties could be seen.

But even more remarkable was [illegible] discovery that some houses in the v[illegible] had rooms in different counties.—[illegible] LANCASTER, Tudor Road, Leicester.

Nothing equals, however, the c[illegible] fusion in laws and currency ca[illegible] by the Dutch-Belgian internati[illegible] boundary line, which in one town c[illegible] through houses, shops and hotels [illegible] even crosses a billiard-table in [illegible] establishment.

Vice Voyagers

YESTERDAY I crossed from Fra[illegible] in a ship carrying a strange-lo[illegible] ing party of Frenchmen. My medi[illegible] training told me at a glance that m[illegible] of them were dipsomaniacs.

From the purser I learned that th[illegible] were absinthe addicts and, because pa[illegible] absinthe is now unobtainable in Fra[illegible] that they travelled every week-end [illegible] cheap tickets without passports [illegible] London, where real absinthe is s[illegible] openly sold.

A job for the aliens' officers at t[illegible] ports!—J. P. BELPER, Prince's Ga[illegible] London, S.W.

It is commonly but erroneously b[illegible] lieved that the sale of absinthe [illegible] prohibited abroad because of its alcoh[illegible] content—about 80 per cent. But t[illegible] real reason is that it contains wor[illegible] wood, which destroys the nerve centre[illegible]

Challenge

SIX-weeks-old Miss Anthea Dilkes, [illegible] Carley Street, Brampton, Worc[illegible] well (Yorks), has two great-gran[illegible] mothers, one great-grandfather, t[illegible] grandfathers and two grandmothers.

Surely few babies can have that di[illegible] tinction.—Miss. E. WELLS, Neville Te[illegible] race, York.

Beaten by one-year-old Glen[illegible] Snowden, of King Edward Street, Ma[illegible] Bretton, Barnsley. She has one gre[illegible] great-grandmother, two great-gran[illegible] mothers, two great-grandfathers, t[illegible] grandfathers and two grandmothers.

A Sharp Idea

WE hear a great deal about the iro[illegible] and steel shortage. Could th[illegible] scheme be put into force?

Invite the public to send, post free, [illegible] a central collecting station, all us[illegible] safety razor blades. There would be [illegible] regular steady flow of these used blade[illegible] making in bulk many tons of ste[illegible] yearly.—IVOR THOMAS, Catherine Stree[illegible] Leicester.

An excellent notion, which we co[illegible] mend to the authorities organising th[illegible] collection of scrap metal.

We invite readers to write to us abo[illegible] any subject of public interest, kee[illegible] ing us in touch with the world as the[illegible] see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful an[illegible] topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each lett[illegible] published. Envelopes, marked "Lett[illegible] Bag," should be addressed to "John[illegible] Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BIG NEW IDEA

JOHN BULL is always thinking out ne[illegible] ways by which it can help its 1,500,00[illegible] readers, and has hit upon a great ne[illegible] idea—which will be appreciated by ever[illegible] family.

Full details will be given in a spec[illegible] announcement in JOHN BULL next w[illegible] It also brings you an opportunity t[illegible] secure something you'll treasure.

Look out for next week's issue and te[illegible] your friends to watch for it, too.

HOW SHE'S SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION "ALL OVER"!

THE *Olive Oil* in Palmolive brings beauty with every bath—the beauty of a skin that is smooth and flawless. All down the ages women have treasured olive oil for its beautifying properties. Beauty experts have always praised it. And that's why no less than 20,000 of them have unanimously recommended soap and water washing with an *olive oil* soap—Palmolive—as the best possible way of keeping skin in the lovely, natural bloom of health through the years.

3d per tablet

RE-AWAKEN AND FEED THESE HAIR ROOTS!

Your Hair Roots need not be either Dead or Dying. They are merely too choked or too weak to grow hair through a hardening scalp.

Simply soften and Free the Scalp from the stale hair-poisoning and choking dandruff and other pore cloggings with Kotalko Scalp Soap. Then Feed and Nourish the Hair Organism by massaging with KOTALKO True Hair Grower. YOU WILL QUICKLY SEE NEW HAIR GROWING.

If Hair Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or general Weakness of the Hair Organism, then post

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD. 9, Percy St. (83 MA), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Testing package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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ADDRESS .....

Kidney Germs Wreck Health

At times the 9 million tiny tubes or filters in the Kidneys are attacked by germs, causing Uric Acid, Getting up Nights, Nervousness, Headaches, Lost Vigour, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyelids, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Burning, Smarting and Itching. Ordinary medicines can't do much good because they don't kill the germs. But the Doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the germs in 3 hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys and thus restores health. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. Don't take chances with dangerous kidney germs. Ask your chemist for Cystex to-day. The guarantee protects you.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

£10 per month (less than 7½d. a day) buys the Graves "PLEASURE" Cycle with Sturmey's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Parts, Enamel or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. paid £48/18/6 or £10 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey Archer Three-Speed Gear £5/19/6 Terms £12 monthly. Write for Catalogues Free, Ladies' Gent's, Juveniles' & Tandems. Bicycles, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

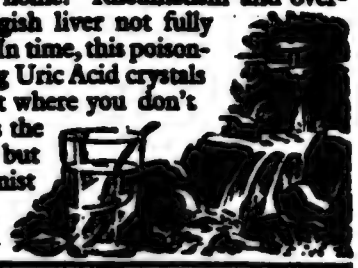
GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

You don't need telling how agonising Rheumatic twinges can be, catching you unawares and making you feel ill and old before your time. But Rheumatism *must* yield to Nature's Salts of the Earth. The elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, found in world-famous Springs, are combined in Fynnon Salt. Take a teaspoonful in a glass of water every morning before breakfast. Soon your blood will be free of Uric Acid crystals and pain will disappear.

GET RID OF EXCESS FAT

It is tantalising to see lovely frocks that other women of your age can wear—but you can't. And overweight brings breathlessness and other dangers. It is good news then that thousands of women have found in Fynnon Salt an absolutely safe way to reduce. It *cannot* do you anything but good to rid your system of fatty acids and clogging waste. Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glass of water every morning and feel again the joy of youthful vitality.

There was a time when, to get rid of Rheumatic pain or excess fat, your only hope was 'taking the waters' at some famous—and expensive—Spa. But now a daily teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in your own tap water does the trick at home. Rheumatism and overweight can both be traced back to a sluggish liver not fully eliminating waste matter from the system. In time, this poisonous waste may produce either sharp agonising Uric Acid crystals or fatty acid which adds rolls and ridges just where you don't want them. Fynnon Salt gently stimulates the liver so that waste products are gradually but surely rinsed out of the system. Your chemist has large tins of Fynnon Salt at 1/3.



FYNNON LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD.

FYNNON SALT *for Fitness!*

A REMINDER

You're bound to find something of interest and value in the "John Bull Shop Window" and the "Small Ads Worth Watching"—So

Don't overlook the

"John Bull" Shop Window
on pages 2 and 3 and
The Small Ads Worth Watching
on page 14

Furnishing? Send for This FREE CATALOGUE

A FREE copy of "You and Your Home," an excellent Guide to Home Happiness, together with special illustrated brochure containing selection of furniture on easy terms from as low as 4/6 a month is waiting to be sent to You! Simply fill in and post the Coupon in the Drage announcement on p. 23. Drage's are famous throughout the British Isles for Fine Furniture and you can obtain their wonderful values on payment of only a few shillings down, together with their written protection policy and other famous services. Take the first step by sending the Coupon NOW!

INCREASED PENSION, FORTUNE and HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD

£20! WEEKLY FOR LIFE PLUS £350

MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY for TWO
Fares, hotel expenses all met by "John Bull," who also provides an EXTRA £10 POCKET MONEY.

FIVE £1 FIRST PRIZES — OR INCREASED (IN ALL) SUM OF £00 GNS.

£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD VALUE £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP when "John Bull" receives 4 or more Squares (i.e. 2 or more coupons) for this contest

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with the publication of winning square in "John Bull."

EXTRA £100 CASH BONUS between entrants for Crossword No. 70 who secured no prize in that contest and enclose £100 Voucher on this page with entry for Crossword Contest No. 73

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. When youngster does this long enough for pennies he gets them
5. Clever actress usually does so on stage for many years
8. Pensioned
9. Colour in this makes it attractive
10. Anger
11. Twice one
12. Nothing
13. Small stall resembling bandstand
16. Brutal person
18. Not many
20. Part of this may seem highly coloured
22. Athlete is glad to be able to keep this
26. Where one drinks the waters
27. Starts off tooth
29. Curiosity can often be seen in
30. Tourists who go to Italy usually like to do this
31. Attentive mother is always at this of favourite child
32. You're sure to find this sort of flower in big garden

DOWN

1. Horse sometimes suffers through callous driver's
2. You hear with this
3. Adam and Eve lived here
4. May be called for by producer in stage love scene
5. Most housewives like good ones
6. Male voice in Walton
7. Talked
14. At end of straits
15. One is charged by a lawyer
17. This of a suit may be ignored when playing
18. Certain amount of care is necessary when passing one
19. Usually sharpens a man's temper
21. Yelp
23. Easily disturbed
24. Keeps an eye on fashions in advertisements
25. There's usually something attractive about a frank one
26. What is called "invisible mending" is not this
28. In centre of porch

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and 73 in the number space on Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, August 14.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 26. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 31, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prizes or Surprise Awards.

Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, 500 Guineas cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

TERMS AND CONDITIONS on Page 34.

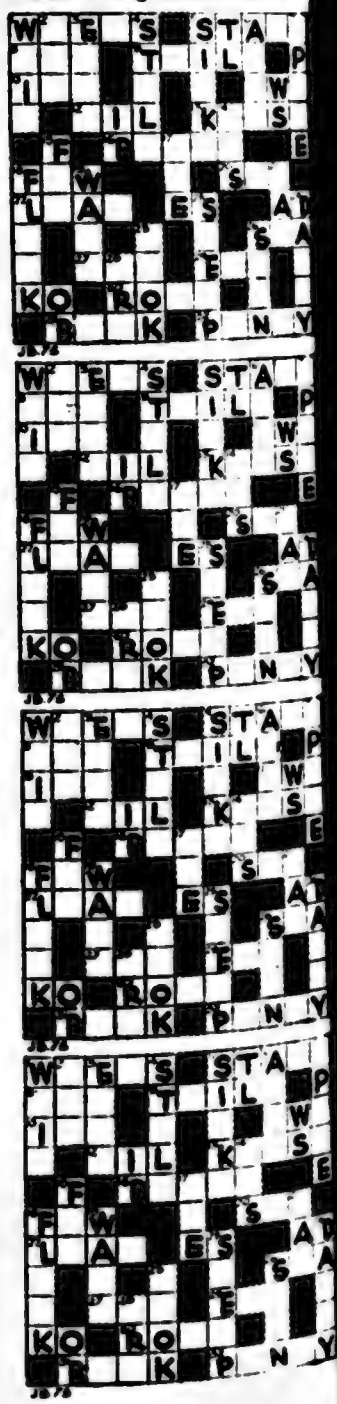
CROSSWORD No. 70

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those now in the Square below.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your free weekly copy by using reservation coupon on page 33.

Winners on page 34

COPY SQUARES ONLY



"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 73. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1937.

JB.73

JB.73

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE (for 2 Squares 6d.

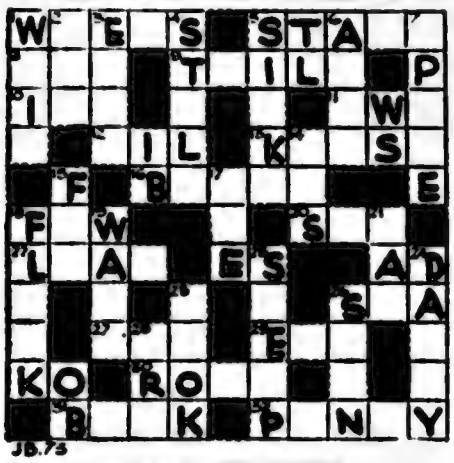
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 73. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1937.



JB.73

JB.73

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE (for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 73, "JOHN BULL," 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FOR NON-WINNERS ONLY

ALL cash and other prizes won in our £4,000 Crossword Contest No. 70, result of which appears on page 34, will reach recipients during week ending Aug. 14.

If you were not amongst the cash prize-winners, remember that you are *for this reason* eligible to enclose with your entry for this week's big Holiday Offer the £100 Bonus Voucher provided below exclusively for JOHN BULL readers.

No competitor who won a cash award in the £4,000 Offer may use this Voucher: this fine extra sum of Holiday Cash is solely for the benefit of entrants who missed a cash prize in that Contest.

EXCLUSIVE TO 'JOHN BULL' READERS

£100 BONUS CERTIFICATE

FOR ENTRANTS WHO SECURED NO CASH PRIZE IN

£4,000 CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 70

I certify that I entered but won no cash prize in above Contest; please register me for share of £100 extra Bonus with any one cash award of £1 or over which I secure in Crossword No. 73, for which I enclose my entry.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

(Available only until Sat., August 14.)

The Editor Laughs Last

Cautious (Neumarket).—"*Men who attend races thinking they will make money are fools.*" *What about bookmakers?*

TIM (Belfast).—"A garden roller has to be well constructed to stand up to its job." It certainly gets pulled about a lot.

G. V. (Bridlington).—"My wife is sure that our neighbours copied the style of our cradle." A proper crib.

R. B. (Esher).—"I have an invention that will make coal quite sootless." That will mean a clean sweep.

W. N. (Rickmansworth).—"The hen that was chased by the poultry farmer's family." He broke into a run!

OLD-TIMER (London, S.).—"I can recall days in Alaska when miners sold their gold for beer." Pints for quartz.

H. M. (Hendon).—"Watching air displays annoys me intensely." It gives you a pain in the neck.

PRESS-GIRL (Chertsey).—"I put through 2,000 calls in one day." Are you sure that's the right number?

HORSEWOMAN (Park Lane).—"Placid cob or prancing colt—which would you rather own?" Well, with the latter, we'd be better off!

O. W. (Chester).—"Telephone operators are kept very busy these days." They certainly have a great many calls on their time.

RATEPAYER (Weymouth).—"At last our council is appreciating the importance of reclaiming our waste and marshy land." The idea is gaining ground.

HEADMASTER (Birmingham).—"I caught one of my pupils helping themselves to raspberries in my garden." So you gave them the cane?

SPECULATOR (Hull).—"In a few words, tell me what I am in for if I happen to deal with a bogus broker." Shocks and alarm!

ECONOMIST (Oxford).—"A bumper wheat crop means lower prices." The more it comes up the more it goes down.

R. T. N. (Blackfriars).—"What generally happens when a boxer allows himself to become excited in the ring?" He gets carried away.

T. J. H. (Cardiff).—"To guard against burglars I place my gold timepiece under my pillow when I go to bed." In this way you are on the watch all night long, eh?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

ST. AUSTELL GUARDIAN: "I will not be responsible for any debts incurred by ANY wife after this date."

THE EVENING NEWS (GLASGOW): "... and at the Lyric Theatre, London, last night, as magnificent a send-off as any drama could FISH for."

DAILY RECORD AND MAIL: "The —— family took REFUGE in this lady's house."

EVENING NEWS: "... he really does love her — and so he is going to PARRY her hand."

WORCESTER EVENING NEWS: "... who was SO BADLY wounded in the war ..."

THE SHIELDS NEWS: "... who was so willing and ready to fill up BREECHES in the meeting at the last minute."

DERBY EVENING TELEGRAPH: "... she invited him to return to her. This he did, and they have LIVED together ever since."

Mrs. A. (Kew).—"How do you like long train journeys?" First class!

FARMER (Dorchester).—"Thank goodness hay-making is finished." All cut and dried.

S. M. (Maidstone).—"I am looked upon as the comedian of our tennis club." The court jester.

B. G. (Streatham).—"I regret to say my first cocktail party ended up with a fight." Gin and hits.

F. B. (Slough).—"He said that he would keep a dog if he had the smallest encouragement." So you gave him a lead.

R. I. (Harrow).—"It is the ambition of most actresses to acquire a good carriage." You mean a super car, surely?

ELSIE N. (Warwick).—"I can always write more fluent letters to the music of a waltz." Your pen just glides along.

BERT (Hull).—"We quarrelled because I objected to her combing her hair in public." It led to a parting?

G. P. (Goole).—"Some girls seem to prefer knitting to courting." A case of casting purls before swain.

SHOEMAKER (Batley).—"I object to customers bringing boots to be soled only." You think they should be brought to heel.

B. B. (Ealing).—"My eldest son and I both made a century in the same innings." Runs in the family, eh?

Mrs. W. (Sidcup).—"I wrote a short note to my neighbour complaining about her hanging her clothes on my fence." You sent her a few lines.

ONLOOKER (Birmingham).—"The gymnasts gave a magnificent display on the horizontal bar." Their performance reached a high level.

G. G. (Doncaster).—"If I had a tenner or two that I wanted to burn, I should go to a race meeting." And put it on a hot favourite?

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for entertainment. correspondents are for your entertainment.

VISITOR (Okehampton).—"I had to refuse to help him, as it meant a walk home across the moor in the dark." You could not see your way to do it.

W. H. G. (Plymouth).—"His claim to the wire-netting was very quickly shown to be a weak one." It had a lot of holes in it.

B. K. (Salisbury).—"I had reason to think that he had been using his air-gun in my greenhouse." You found a few slugs?

L. W. (Oakton).—"You would never know I had any trees in my garden, for there isn't a trace of them left." You've rooted them out.

R. F. (Ipswich).—"I like to sit down at the piano and thump away to my heart's content." Knocking out a few tunes, as it were.

N. D. (Chepstow).—"I must admit that we had a few words over the ownership of the electric fan." There was a bit of a breeze then.

J. W. P. (Swansea).—"He took his defeat in the high jump very badly, and kept on grumbling for several days." He couldn't get over it.

F. E. (Shrewsbury).—"If I take up the piano again after not touching it for over ten years, what do you think I shall find?" A lot of dust.

★ Digs (Coventry).—"My landlady's mending can't be compared with my mother's." It isn't a patch on it.

S. L. (Canterbury).—"Speaking as an outfitter, I find that I am selling far fewer men's gloves than ever." They are left on your hands.

R. T. (Tilshead).—"I gave my son a thrashing in front of his friends for climbing a dangerous tree." That was a come-down for him.

AVIATOR (Enfield).—"During my flight I suddenly realised that I hadn't answered a single letter before I left the office, so I landed as quickly as I could." You got well down to it.

TRAINER (Ripon).—"If the lad I am training will do the one thing I've told him to do, he is bound to win the long jump." And that is to jump farther than any other competitor?

"Mr. Smith is a retired butcher."
—From "The Passing Show"

B. M. (Retford).—"Too many sunbathing enthusiasts gamble with their health." Still, they don't have much on.

JIM (Manchester).—"I know an aerated water manufacturer whose son has gone on the music-hall stage." As a tumbler?

D. S. (Weymouth).—"The fellow I went out mackerel fishing with was a very bad oarsman." So you caught a few crabs?

S. H. (Warrington).—"I can never make a parcel of shoes or boots." You can't do them up.

GARDENER (Bexley).—"I generally put tarred netting on ripe strawberries." Other people, of course, prefer cream.

I. H. (Brixham).—"I consider gliding to be one of the safest pastimes to be had." Plane sailing, in fact.

R. H. (Teddington).—"I have often regretted that I ever started to keep bees." You find it isn't all honey.

C. V. R. (Sunningdale).—"I am hoping to carry off all the prizes with my sweet peas." Don't carry on if you don't.

★ A. K. (Bognor).—"You can easily tell an income-tax man." Yes, but you can't always make him believe you.

HON. SEC. (Wimbledon).—"Nearly all our team of women cricketers have married men in good positions." They have brought off some good catches.

C. L. (Braintree).—"I take off my hat to the British taxpayer." He might appreciate it more if you passed it round for him.

MANAGER (Portsmouth).—"The storekeeper couldn't give any reason for the balls of string being missing." He was tied up in knots.

D. S. N. (Edinburgh).—"What can one say of a man who spends his time boasting he caught ten three-pound trout in one night?" That he caught one weighing about two ounces, probably.

G. T. Y. (Southport).—"Girl sunbathers who begin each day with a liberal application of olive oil suffer no discomforts from the sun." They boil not, neither do they skin!

L. T. (Worksop).—"My landlord was very angry with me for cutting down dangerous trees without his permission." That was better than the trees coming down on you?

Miss J. P. (Bath).—"The specialist charged me a guinea and ordered me to rest." Consult Doctor *Bullets* on page 35. He's dispensing a fine batch of holiday tonics this week, including a Life Pension which would put you on your feet for good.

PAVEMENT ARTIST (London).—"Some men are lucky in having a cheque-book to support them." You would prefer drawing on a bank to drawing on a pavement.

MATHS (Twickenham).—"My son will leave school at the end of next term, but I really do not know what business to put him into, for even now I do not understand him." You don't know what to make of him.

REFORMER (Louth).—"If I had my way with some of the troublesome boys I meet I would put them over my knee, and that would make them sit up." But then they might not be able to sit down.

GROUNDSMAN (Thurlow).—"After ten stormy years at sea, I have now settled down to a nice quiet job with the cricket club here, and occasionally I bowl for the team." From pitching and rolling to rolling and pitching, eh?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

CORNS
WASHED AWAY—

IN A BATH OF 'REUDEL' SALTS!

When you feel you cannot stand the pain of your aching corn-tortured feet any longer, just plunge them into the medicated and oxygenated water of a 'Reudel' Salts foot-bath. Oh, the relief it brings! The pain is soothed, the burning ache is ended and the special corn-loosening salts reach right to the roots, so that the corns come out easily and painlessly. Corns are literally washed away, and your whole foot feels comforted and refreshed. Try a 'Reudel' footbath to-night and get instant relief.

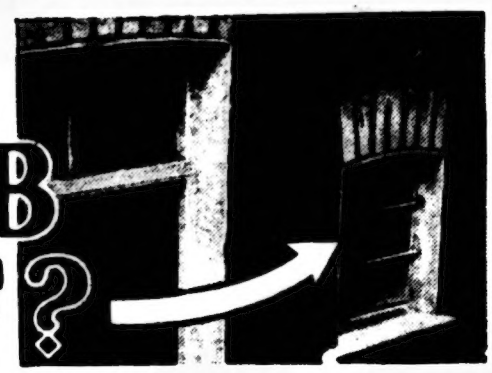
REUDEL
(PRONOUNCED ROO-DEL)
Bath SALTS
ONLY IN YELLOW PACKETS
1/6 (10 ozs.)

Take
Elasto
Regd.
for all
CIRCULATORY DISORDERS
—See Back Cover!

KEATING'S KILLS
ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS etc.—even bugs

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. Kills Green Fly.
—But it must be KEATINGS
Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

TOM THUMB THIEF?



THE telephone of a North London police station shrilled loudly. The officer picked up the receiver and heard at the other end of the wire a breathless, agitated voice—"Come quickly, my home has been burgled."

The burglar had got away with a nice haul. Various clues showed that he had made several unsuccessful attempts to get into the house before turning to a larder window *measuring no more than 20 in. by 9 in.* It seemed impossible that anyone could get through this window, yet he had done so. Is this thief a veritable Tom Thumb, or has he a juvenile accomplice?

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT AID.

This house which the marauder chose for his activities is the home of a registered reader of "John Bull," and a generous cheque has been sent to him under the Housebreaking Section of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

In acknowledging "John Bull's" prompt aid our reader wrote:—

"I wish to express the sincere thanks of my wife and self for the valuable assistance rendered. Whilst we cannot, of course, replace many articles of family and personal association, we shall, through the practical sympathy shown, be in a position to purchase adequate substitutes."

In addition to other benefits, including numerous Accident Benefits, "John Bull" *is the only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £693 : 18 : 0 to registered readers or their dependents as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£303	18	0
Accident Benefits—Adults	£117	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£273	0	0

Use the forms below AT ONCE for this Great Security Gift.

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 7/8/37

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 7/8/37

THIS COUPON IS WORTH £2-2-0 TO YOU!

The LAURANCE STAMINATOR is the World's Greatest Body Building Appliance and has just created the most Amazing Physical Culture Record ever known. 20 pupils taking the FREE Personal Instruction Course added 300 inches of muscle measurement in the first 28 days!!! *Reports inspected and certified by Editor of "Health & Strength." Post Coupon for Particulars To-day!*

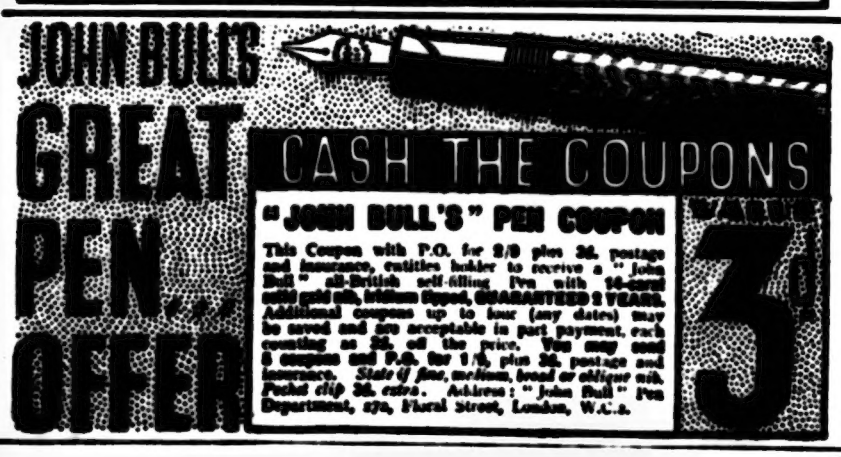
To Harold Laurance (Principal), Laurance Institute of Health and Stamina, Ltd., Ludgate House, 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me free and without obligation full particulars of the Laurance Staminator and of the Free £2 2 0 Course of Training and my booklet "Supermanity."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.3 7/37.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GREAT
PEN...
OFFER
CASH THE COUPONS
"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON
This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2/-, off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 2d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 37a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
3/-

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 1,080

First Prize, £1 Weekly for Life, or £300 Cash

Mrs. A. M. DAY, Newton Harcourt, Leicester.

Example: SOFT
Bullet: NURSE'S TREAD — "WALK'S" HARD.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£100 PLUS FAMILY HOLIDAY:

M. G. LOWENTHAL, 76, Brodie Avenue, Moseley Hill, Liverpool.
Example: Melody Of Life
Bullet: I Can't Hear—She "Won't Listen."

£25 PLUS FAMILY HOLIDAY:

G. ROCHESTER, Principal's Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Example: Jealousy
Bullet: "Devouring" Monster, Easily "Fed."

£20 PLUS FAMILY HOLIDAY:

E. W. J. BUDD, 38, Selborne Road, Bristol.
Example: Proves Nothing
Bullet: Agitator—Except Englishmen's Commonsense!

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: N. R. W. WILLES, 68, Blythe Vale, Catford, S.E.
Man With A Plan—Brings "Death-warrant" To Countryside—"Scaffolding" Follows.

£10: R. PRICE, 10, Strode Crescent, Sheerness.
Nobody's Darling—Eden, While "Old Adam" Possesses Europe.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: M. BIRD, 26, Old Dover Road, Canterbury.
Skinning Us—Taxation, Lest "Lion's Skin" Warmonger's "Carpet."

£8: J. DOBIE, 82, Stenhouse Drive, Edinburgh.
Show A Leg And—Earn "Decent" Folks' *Respect*, Geneva!

£7: R. E. ROBINSON, 71, Hartswood Road, London, W.
Little Chatterbox—Henpeck—"Yes, *Yes*, Dear!"

£6: Mrs. O. DAVIES, 11, Wyndham Street, Ton Pentre.
Speaks Well—For Classroom "Servant," Cobweb On Cane.

£6: S. F. STOVOLD, 13, Albert Place, Gateshead.
Only A Memory — World War — Village "Peace."

£5: W. A. CONWAY, 118, Woodgrange Avenue, North Finchley, N.
Skinning Us—Landlady—And Serving "Hide" For Dinner!

£5: J. BURR, 32, Bury Road, Shillington, Herts.
At Our Door — Peace Knocks, *Offering* "Sanctuary."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£1 NOTES for Holiday Postcards

WHAT is your idea of the Ideal Holiday? Compress it neatly into 4, 5 or 6 well-chosen words, write them on a postcard, add your name and address and enclose the card with your entry for this week's *Bullets* Holiday Offer.

There are £1 notes for the 10 best such entries received. One entry only allowed to each competitor, only postcards accepted and any not enclosed with current *Bullets* entry will be disqualified. Editor's decision final.

Result in JOHN BULL next Thursday, August 26, and prizes will be posted by winners on that day.

£4: H. W. EVESON, 56, Rectory, Bromham.
Show A Leg And—Seaside And Clothes Mean Reach Neck!

£4: E. SMITH, 17, St. Paul's Road, Bromham.
Eclipse Of The Sun—We Call Smart Homework.

£3: J. K. GOODWIN, Sawpit Street, Dunham Massey, Altrincham, Cheshire.
When Dad Was A Lad—Received Flick. "Shut Up, Grandad!"

£3: H. W. GRAY, Scholar Green, Stoke-on-Trent.
Worth Voting For—They Seem Them Same.

5 OF £2 10s.

Miss E. A. BRYANT, 17, St. Benedict's Street, Norwich.
At Our Door—Dad, After Several Rounds, counts"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss N. MILLER, "Broadside," Thorpe Road, Norwich.
Took Me Back — Wife — Remembered The Mangling!

A. NEWMAN, 53, Church Road, Bush Hill Park, Bookmaker Welcomes.

J. ROSE, 50, Beeches Road, Birmingham.
Soft—Spot In Landlady's Bed, Dimp!

C. H. SIMMS, 35, Pitcroft Avenue, Reading.
Nobody's Darling—Fido, After Leaving Nature's Bosom."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

A list of 25 £1, 25 10s. and 503 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

The £100 Bonus offered in connection with "Bullets" No. 1,078 has been divided between 38 entrants, and cheques for £2 12s. 6d. are being dispatched accordingly.

£4,000 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 70.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 70, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Set of Answers on one Square (see page 32) were the following fifty-three competitors:—

H. Andell, 70, Ashstock Rd., Southampton; Mrs. Andell, 70, Ashstock Road, Southampton; T. Aspinall, 34, Lord St. Horwood; E. Bustin, 60, Marlborough Rd., Swindon; Mrs. A. Bower, 16, Appleby St., Bolton; W. Carruthers, 8, Vicarage Rd., Romford; P. Champion, Place, Northampton; Mrs. W. Chapman, 18, Kelly Street, Greenock; A. Cobley, 7, Fairlawn Av. Chiswick, W.; F. Cobley, 7, Fairlawn Av., Chiswick, W.; P. Cole, 266, Broadhill Drive, Blackburn; T. Collier, 106, Park Lane, Wallington; Miss M. Crowther, 22, Wellington Rd., Todmorden; P. Cunningham, 80, Clonard Gardens, Belfast; A. Dendy St. Hawkenbury, Hebden Bridge; J. Durbon, 60, Bromley Rd., Acocks Green; R. Darling, Elphinstone, Midlothian; A. Farnworth, 331, Abbey Hey Lane, Manchester; H. E. Fell, 5, Gosforth Road, Barrow-in-Furness; W. Fowler, 50, Sandrock Avenue, Westcliff; L. Fry, 58, Church Path, Lancing; Miss I. Gooch, 6, Alsager Rd., London, S.W.; C. Gibson, 12, Park Rd., Lowestoft, Norfolk; A. Groom, 29, Clasketgate, Lincoln; Miss E. Hall, 14, Waterloo Rd., Middlesbrough; C. Hallett, 77, Westborough, Scarborough; Miss Hamilton, 5, Crombeen Av., Milngavie; Miss R. Hanson, 23, Halifax St., Sydenham, S.E.; Miss Holland, Deanthorpe, Cranston, Newark; Mrs. F. Kirk, 31, Bonnerman Rd., Dalkeith; A. Lely, 10, Union Rd., S.W.; P. McCormack, 3, Montgomery St., Edinburgh; L. McLaughlin, 10, Museum Rd., Oxford; R. Macleod, 70, Rivenoke Rd., Feltham; J. Napier, 206, High St., Rochester; S. E. Matthews, 4, Gain Park, Shewen; P. Monahan, 31, Gamble Hill, Bromley; E. Morton, Belsden, Balerno, Midlothian; A. W. Pettit, 67, Canterbury Av., Sidcup; S. Poulding, Hamsley, Nr. Chichester; J. Rayner Bellamma, Stock, Ingatestone; Miss H. Rhodes, Height, Littleworth, Huddersfield; C. Sanderson, 27, Gosford Rd., Shepherds Bush, W.; A. Sawyer, 4, Buried Lodge, Sunningdale Rd., E.; H. Schofield, 202, Astley St., Dukinfield; Miss F. Scott, 127, Durham St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss L. Simmonds, 60, Rochdale Rd., Sheffield; R. Smith, 60, Hampstead St., Oxford Circus, W.; W. Smith, Church View, Copley, Butterknowle; P. Thompson, 56, Burnell Terrace, Edinburgh; V. H. Tranter, 12, Northland Drive, Glasgow; J. Waugh, 7, Sycamores, Whitby, Wirral; E. Whitelegg, 203, Burwood Rd., Smethwick.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £2,000 and a cheque for £37 14s. 9d. will be sent to each.

The Second Prize of £1,000 has been divided between those competitors from whom we received Squares which, by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. A list of these Squares can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of these Prizes must demand a Scrutiny not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 10, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Competition number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

The two Cash Bonuses of £500 each will be divided between eligible cash prize-winners in accordance with the rules of the offer.

CROSSWORD No. 73.—TERMS and CONDITIONS

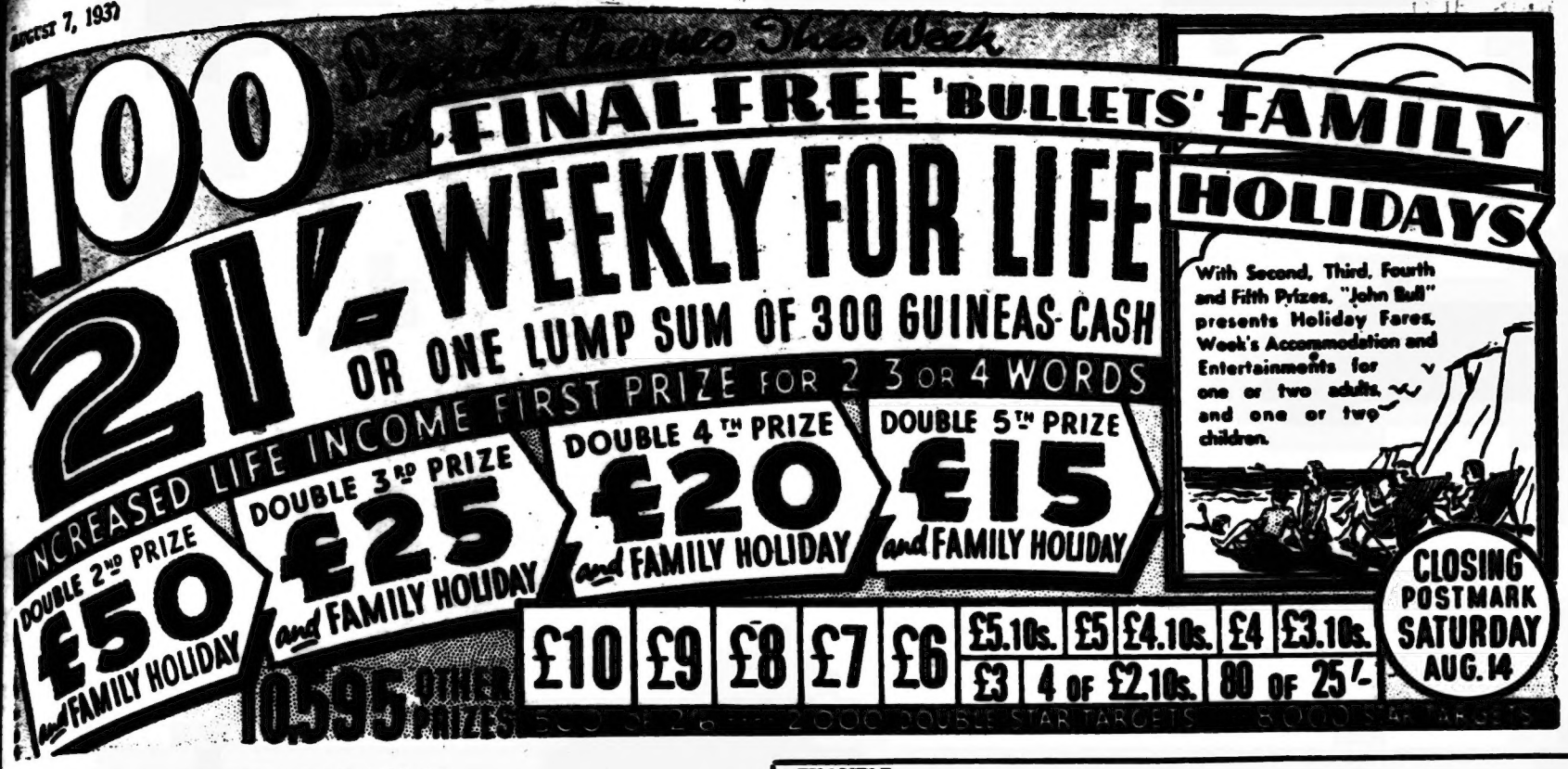
ON page 32 is presented the seventy-third of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of A Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lancelot Abercrombie, LL.D., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers to the Clues so having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL to be published Thursday, August 26, 1937. The reasoning which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 32. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie as the opposite cash prize will be equally divided, and not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.


Your Last Chance This Week
100 FINAL FREE 'BULLETS' FAMILY HOLIDAYS
21/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF 300 GUINEAS CASH
INCREASED LIFE INCOME FIRST PRIZE FOR 2 3 OR 4 WORDS
DOUBLE 2ND PRIZE £50 and FAMILY HOLIDAY
DOUBLE 3RD PRIZE £25 and FAMILY HOLIDAY
DOUBLE 4TH PRIZE £20 and FAMILY HOLIDAY
DOUBLE 5TH PRIZE £15 and FAMILY HOLIDAY
With Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes, "John Bull" presents Holiday Fares, Week's Accommodation and Entertainments for one or two adults and one or two children.
£10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5.10s. £5 £4.10s. £4 £3.10s. £3 4 OF £2.10s. 80 OF 25/-
10,595 OTHER PRIZES
CLOSING POSTMARK SATURDAY AUG. 14

100 HOLIDAY PRIZES WAITING— BUT ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN!

HOLIDAY fever is sweeping the country—and off go the seaside trains, loaded with happy sufferers in search of blue skies, sparkling waves and golden sunshine. Well, this week's fine Holiday Offer means that there is still time for you and your family to join them at JOHN BULL'S expense. If you are fortunate enough to have been away already, this is a golden opportunity for you to cure that empty feeling in the region of your pocket.

Heading this Contest's long list of 10,600 awards is a solid Life Pension of 21s. weekly—and to anyone who expects to live another 30 years or so that means looking forward to JOHN BULL payments totalling well over £1,600. Next come four big Cash and Holiday awards, followed by a fine batch of 95 supporting Holiday Cheques.

Dozens of Bulleteers have already made sure of care-free holidays at JOHN BULL'S expense and here is your opportunity to join the merry throng. Start now on your fascinating job of making some neat *Bullets* by reading through the simple instructions below.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

TO win one of this week's last Family Holiday prizes of 1937, your best way to start is to read through the list of *Examples* and select, say, six on which to work. Against each of these chosen *Examples* jot down all the ideas it suggests to your mind.

Now a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the selected *Example*. Your next step, then, is to condense and improve your first rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that the *Example* CHALLENGING FATE had prompted the idea *Any Insect Entering Mother's Tidy Home*. From this you could easily produce the typical Bullet, CHALLENGING FATE—SPRING CLEANING *Mother's* "PARLOUR."

Before turning to the *Examples*, study carefully the leading *Bullets* in our 1,080th Contest opposite, each of which brought its sender a big Holiday Cheque. Remember, that though in that Contest entrants were permitted to use five or six words for their efforts, we have now returned to the normal limits of two, three or four words. As soon as you have absorbed the varied styles of these winners, start on your own efforts, for your entry must be postmarked on or before Saturday, August 14.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words only to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,084)

PILLARS OF EMPIRE
MORE BLOODSHED
MAN'S CREATION
UNITY IS STRENGTH, SO
EUROPEAN BAROMETER
POLITICIAN'S PARADISE
CHALLENGING FATE
TO HELP SPAIN
SONNY'S PROGRESS
TRAIL OF RUIN
HANG THE CONSEQUENCES AND EXASPERATING

PARSON'S JOB
INIQUITOUS
BOLTED
THE BANDIT
WHEN I RISE
DITCHED

PAINS AUNTIE
TRAVELLING
NOT HERSELF
ALWAYS ABOUT
FROM FATHER
CAUGHT HIM

HE RANG THE BELL, BUT
HARD ON MOTHER
CAN'T BE KEPT DOWN
SINCE BROWN WENT CRUISING
"THAT'S DIFFERENT!"
SEASIDE COMEDIAN
PITY THE CHILD WHEN
LOST IN THE CITY
WELL WORTH WHILE
UPROAR IN THE NIGHT-CLUB
HIGHER FARES
HOME FROM WORK

ENTRY FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 38, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,084) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 14. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,084) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 14. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,084) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 14. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,084) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 14. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,084 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £789 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,079 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Parish, 178, Main Road, Darnall, Sheffield.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,084, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

"Oh! My poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my leg and instep would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . ."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, those agonising leg wounds (known as "bad leg") become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Read What Other Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"My doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"It put me on my feet."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs, although I had been suffering for years."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me." *Etc., Etc.*

ELASTO is based upon ascertained facts relating to the electro-chemical processes of the body that support life, rebuild and repair the living tissue, and serve to maintain health and vigour of body and mind. Elasto will save you pounds!

"I can now Walk for Miles."

". . . . after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——

For All Readers of "John Bull"

FREE

A Generous Sample of These Wonder Tablets

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Remedy makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Send For FREE SAMPLE

Fill in Coupon below.

Elasto

The Great New Biological Remedy

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell Food!

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity *Nature's own powers of healing.* Prepared in small, delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves instantly on the tongue and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Not Magic—Just Logic

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building, and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health *must* result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Wonderful Biological Remedy, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. No drugs; no adhesive bandages: *Elasto Cures Through the Blood!*

COUPON ★

For Free Trial Sample of Elasto

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

J.B. 7.8.37 .....
Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

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A244